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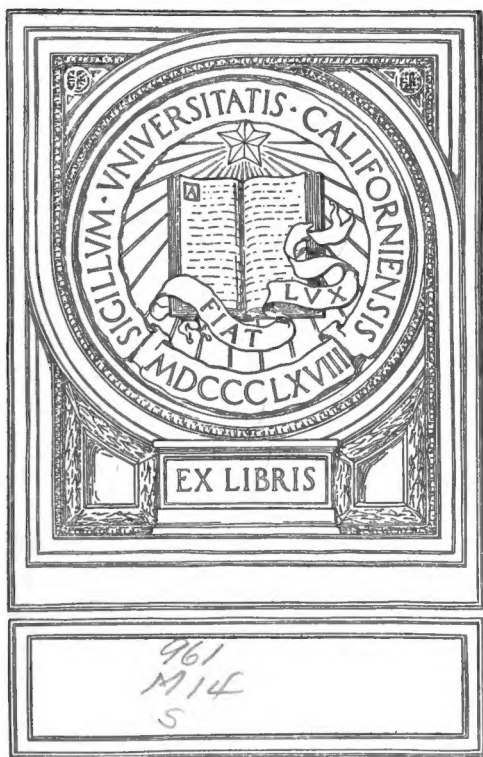


QB 301 230

Show Girl

by

J. P. McEvoy



Frank J. Mc Lowan

SHOW GIRL

GROSSET AND DUNLAP

Present

SHOW GIRL

By J. P. McEVOY

Author of The Potters, Americana, etc.

CAST

(In the order of their appearance)

DIXIE DUGAN: "The hottest little wench
that ever shook a scanties
at a tired business man."

DENNY KERRIGAN: Greeting Card Salesman,
strewn cheer throughout
the land.

NITA DUGAN: Dixie's sister—"Sees all—
knows all."

ALVAREZ ROMANO: A sun-kissed tango dancer
from the coffee belt.

JACK MILTON: A rich Sugar Dixie leaves
standing in the rain.

SUNSHINE: A blonde hip-twister in the
Scandals.

JIMMY DOYLE: A Ghost Writer on the Even-
ing Tabloid—the lowest form
of astral life.

KIBBITZER & EPPUS: Broadway Producers—"Par
Nobile Fratrum."

Also Greeting Card Salesmen, Night Club Babies, Teddy
Zest, the Heart-throb Poet, Detectives Who Never Sleep,
A Publisher, His Daughter, and an Assortment of Play-
boys from Wall Street, Atlantic City Hot Dog Vendors,
Herrera, the Butcher of the Costaraguan Revolution, and
Congressman Fibbledibber from Alabama.

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SHOW GIRL

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I

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

May 1st.

DENNY, MY LOVE:

Your little brown-eyed playmate has went and done it. Left her happy home, flat as egg on a vest and gone into the merry-merry for better or worse, or what am I offered? Soon you will see this name which you are so set on changing, busting out all over Broadway in a rash of Mazdas and these round knees all sun-burnt now from night life, coyly crossed in all the Sunday rotogravure sections.

But if you think the folks took it lying down, you're crazy, my own sweet thing. It was a finish fight, starting out with gloves, referees and things and finishing on the floor, catch-as-catch-can no holds barred. Mother got in some nasty jolts but this flaming youth was still burning bright even after she asked a lot of those mother questions, for which there aren't any answers in the back of the book. I could always come back with "Well you was young once, wasn't you?" It seems she was, although she can't remember now what it was like. "I'd rather see you dead than in a show," she kept on saying. And I said "Maybe we'll both get our wish. I've seen a lot of acts die right on the stage."

I got permission yesterday from mother to go

into the Follies. All I need now is Mr. Ziegfeld's, but persuading him should be easy compared to selling the folks. Pa is dubious which sounds like a rap but isn't. He says he can't keep me in nights and he doesn't think Ziegfeld can either. I wish Nita was here to back me up. She's such a good skate. Of course, she would have to go dashing over to Paris on one of her buying trips for Waffleheimers. They're showing their Fall collections now. I hope she collects some cute things for herself that I'll like. Every time I realize we're both the same size, it makes me religious. The big brother, Sam, doesn't know what to think about it yet. But then he isn't bright anyway. It has been so long since he has read anything except the Graphic that he can't even dial his own telephone numbers now. We're going to have to put little pictures there instead of figures.

I've got a date tomorrow to see Mr. Ziegfeld. I called up the office today and the girl said yes, he'd be there tomorrow and if I can see him, it's all right with her. So that's that.

Don't worry about me. This story going around about the show business being dangerous for young girls is propaganda from the employment agencies who are short of kitchen help. I've been in too many taxis not to know that a girl is lots safer with an orchestra between her and the tired business man, who don't act nearly as tired as you'd think. But then, I should tell you, a star travelling salesman, how the tired business man acts!

I wish you could sneak me some more of that

swell imported Italian stationery. I think you should anyway. I am using it all up writing to you. "And who else," sez you. "Just you," sez I. "Whoops, tell me another," sez you.

Well, as you were, until I write again. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you. That oughta hold you.

DIXIE.

P. S. Have you heard the Hurdle Song: "I Can't Get Over A Girl Like You Loving A Boy Like Me."

MUNCIE, IND.
May 4th.

DEAR DIXIE:

Well, I just got back from Minneapolis where the boss has had a convention of us salesmen which means he feeds us until we're groggy, and then shoots us full of hot air how great the home office is and what a lot of bums our salesmen are for not co-operating. You would think to hear him tell, we just saunter from town to town making life a pleasure for the lady buyers and always sweep our samples under the bed to get them out of the way. My God, I would like to see him carry these four hand trunks of valentines and mother mottoes and God bless our homes all over these United States. Here I have been hopping around from one hash

town to another for years carrying things like—

Home is lovely

Home is sweet

Home is a pleasure

Home is a treat

Oh, how could anyone ever roam

Away from that dear old place called Home?

But we got a swell new line of Vals and Easters and for once the damn creative department, as it likes to call itself, has kicked in a good bunch of ten-cent religious sellers. My God, they have been yelling for those for years and all McNulty would ever make was rabbits, ducks and bunnies. But we got a new man there now called Levinson and he says if they want religious Easters, let's make them religious Easters. So Levinson came through with some swell ones. One is a pip showing angels rolling a big stone away and in old English it says—

Lo, He has risen

He is not here

But we wish you an Easter of love and cheer,

Alleluia.

Boy, that will kill them here in Indiana.

So, you think you are going into the Follies? Well, I wish you buck teeth and bow-legs. But what's the difference? Every dame that isn't forty years old and a menace in looks thinks she can get into the Follies by rolling her eyes at Ziegfeld's office

boy. The day you go into the Follies I will buy control of the Standard Oil and give you a can for luck.

Well, I got to go out and pour a lot of banana oil into Miss Schwartz's ear. She is the buyer for Ye Quainte Lyttle Gifte Shoppe. The only way I can sell her anything is to get her all warm and confused. Lady buyers are like that, the country over. It rather taxes the energies of us good looking salesmen, but then I guess that's part of our jobs making life worth while for them.

I am tired of hash houses, lady buyers and selling home mottoes and not having any place of my own to hang them. Why don't you stop your kidding and let's get married and end it all? Huh, what do you say? As one of our best selling Vals says, No. 32 V 10

*Cheer up, little girl
You're a long time dead
And besides when you cry
Your nose gets red*

DENNY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
May 8th.

DENNY DARLING:

Your pious prayer that I get buck teeth and bow-legs duly received and forwarded to Heavenly Headquarters. A lot of my own have gone up that way recently and judging from the results, God must be in conference and left word not to be disturbed. I can see a lot of these snooty angels sort-

ing His mail and messages in the morning and coming across one of mine saying "Please help me to get a good job in the Follies." And then Private Secretary Angel Number One saying "The Follies? Why the Boss hasn't had anything to do with that for years. We've never had any one up here from the Follies." And then Angel Number Two "Oh yes, Bert Williams." And then Angel Number One "I mean the girls." And then Angel Number Two "I don't blame 'em. Kinda dull up here with these same old harp players doing the same old voh-doh-dee-o through all the ages. I'm for putting in a couple of good loud speakers and getting Whiteman or Ben Bernie once in a while." "A fat chance" says the other Angel, "with all these old conservatives running things. What this place needs is some young blood!"

And so much for your prayers—you sweet thing—and now for the big news. I went up to see Ziggy yesterday—all us girls call him "Ziggy," including a lot of 'em who have never been able to get into his office. Well, anyway I went up to see him and the outer office was splashing over into the lobby with beautiful women who had got the same idea somehow. Tall blondes with complexions like fresh cream and hair like twenty dollar gold pieces and those yellow green eyes that tigers in the zoo have on Sunday when they don't feed 'em. And running all around under them little brunette dancers with legs like acrobats—and perched on a line of chairs against the wall, a lot of those slim, slender-legged

young things looking boyish and silky at the same time. The real ambition of our young generation, Denny my darling, in case you don't know it, is to be cool but look hot. Well anyway, I tottered right through them on my high heels till I got to Alice who runs the telephone and lets the girls cry on her shoulder. "I want to see Mr. Ziegfeld," I says to her. And she says, "Darling, what I want to know is does he want to see you? And anyway he's not in. And if he is in, he doesn't want to be disturbed. And if he does, you have to have an appointment. If you have, you've got to make me believe it first. And if you can do that, you're a wonder." And I says to her "Honey, it's like this, Ziggy has been struggling along now for years, doing his best, but he has been considerably handicapped by not having me. I wanted to do something about it, but I was busy growing up and rounding into shape, so to speak, but now that I've got the job pretty well in hand, I don't think you're serving his best interests by not letting me add that touch of color and life and gladness to his chorus, which would be me." "How pleased he'll be to hear this" she says. And she says "Wait a minute" and gets busy with her switchboard saying "No, he's not in" to some and "Yes, he is, but doesn't want to be disturbed" to others and "Wait a minute, he'll talk to you." And "I'll call you later" and "No, he's gone for the day," after which she turns to me and I says "Lovey, how do you expect me to believe you after all that?" And just then,

what do you think happened? Mr. Ziggy himself walked right through the office. And I got a great hunch. I says to myself "Who is the last person in the world he'd expect me to have a letter from?" And then myself says immediately "His wife, Billie Burke." So I says "Mr. Ziegfeld I have an important message for you from Miss Burke which I must deliver right away." And he looks surprised, as you can well imagine. And he says, "Oh, come right in." And I followed him into his private office but I turned around at the door to make a face at all the other girls, any one of whom could have gladly stabbed me to death right then with a lipstick.

But as soon as I got into his office, I was scared pink. It's all velvet and mahogany and a big gold piano and flowers all over the place and he says "Sit down, won't you?" And I think I fell down or something. But he looked at me very gentle-like and says "Did I look surprised when you told me you had a message from Miss Burke." And I said "Well yes, a little." "When did you see Miss Burke" he says, soft-like. I says "This morning." And he says "That's odd. Here I've been wasting time trying to sign Lindbergh. And you saw Miss Burke this morning?" Well I wasn't feeling so sure about it by this time but I figured that was my story and I had better stick to it and I says "Yes," and I added, "ten o'clock this morning," to make it good. He says "That's marvelous, because I got a cable from her

from Paris last night and she didn't say anything about sending anyone over with a message this morning. Do you think she could have forgotten it?" And I says to myself "It's too late to lie out of it now so I might as well continue so I says to him earnest-like "Well, you know a woman has a lot of things on her mind when she's in Paris and she must have forgotten all about it." "What was the message?" he asked. And I says "I want to go into the new Follies." And he says "This is the message Miss Burke sent you across the ocean with over-night? You must really want to go in very badly." I says "Well I couldn't think of any other way to get to you. And I can dance and you can see for yourself how I look." He says "Well, your face is all right but then who is going to look at your face in the Follies?" And then he reached for a push button and my heart nearly stopped beating. "Here comes the gate" I thought, but then he smiled and said "Sammy Lee is trying out some dancing girls down on the stage now but I wouldn't have the heart to ask you to go down after your long journey from Europe. You must be very tired." And I says "Oh no." But he says "You can't go that way anyway. How do I know but you're knock-kneed." And I says "Well I could bring a letter from my mother." And he says "Leave your name and address with Alice and when she calls you report at the stage door of the New Amsterdam and bring a bathing suit and if Mr. Lee says you can dance, I'll look at

you. And do you know, Denny darling, I can't remember now how I got out of that office. All I remember is when he said I could report tomorrow for a try-out, bells began to ring, whistles blew and the stars came out and I heard all kinds of sweet music and I just sorta floated right out of that office right through all those girls waiting outside trying to get in and even the B. M. T. to Brooklyn didn't wake me up. Just think—me in a bathing suit doing my stuff on the New Amsterdam stage, before Mr. Ziegfeld! I've got to keep my teeth clenched right now or my heart would jump right out here on this letter and wouldn't you be surprised when you opened the envelope and it fell out—beatin' like everything for you. And what would the beautiful Miss Schwartz of Ye Quainte Lyttle Gifte Shoppe say then?

It will be time enough to talk about settling down and building a home around one of your mot-toes after I have made my name and fortune on Broadway. That may not be so long either, Big Boy.

Well the tub is running over, the telephone is ringing and I'm sitting here with practically nothing on. Adios—and a big kiss . . . hold on to it as long as you like. . . . Whoa! that's enough.

As ever yours,
only more so,
DIXIE.

SOUTH BEND

May 15th.

SWEET CHILD:

It's just like I told you. The ten-cent religious line is a wow! Wrote \$150 Val and Easter order yesterday for the Oliver Hotel Gift Shop and then went right around the corner to Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke and took Miss Cassidy there for a big Val and Easter order and big Every Day order and a whole flock of mottoes. I had to take her out last night and hold her hands but you have to do everything in this business. And I didn't mind so much because she's not really so hard to look at—besides she's crazy about me. Of course that may sound like a boost for myself at first, but then you have to be in this town a while to see that it isn't. As soon as the boys make enough money to buy long pants they put them on and go to Chicago and all that's left is the Rah-Rah overflow from Notre Dame. It's kinda tough for the local gazelles because the boys out there are so busy learning to play football they have no time to perfect their petting technique and then there being no co-eds out there, the opportunities for additional work outside the curriculum are not so good.

I sent a good idea into the home office today but I guess that they just threw it into the waste basket

as they always do. My God, you would think that us salesmen out in touch with the trade would be more likely to know what the people want than those goofs sitting up there in the creating department pulling them out of thin air. This is an idea for a card to be sent to a new father. It shows a picture of a stork and a man shooting at it saying "Take that, you big bum." Don't you think that's good? I think it is a wow! Well, you mark my words—that has just as much chance getting into the line as you have of getting into the Follies.

All joking aside, it looks like I am going to come East for the mid-summer convention in Atlantic City. Wouldn't it be hotsy-totsy if you could come over? Oh, boy!

Don't you think this is a good one? I think of you every time I read it to one of the dealers. It's a swell seller, too. No. 25M11.

*All the world I've sorted out
Into classes two—
Folks that I could do without,
And you.*

Gee, it's lonely in these hotel rooms. You know I could work twice as hard if I had someone like you to work for. Well, I bet if you come down to Atlantic City you will leave there one of two things—a lovely bride or a beautiful corpse.

Your own,
DENNY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

May 14th.

DEAR NITA:

I suppose mother has already written and told you about your young cracked-brained sister kicking over the traces and making a dash for the Follies. Well, I did make the first lap all right—got in to see Ziggy and even got as far as the New Amsterdam stage in my bathing suit—the one the moths wouldn't eat—but Sammy Lee didn't think my hoofing was so hot. He said I had lots of action but needed more experience because I was little. If I was larger, I wouldn't need anything except what mother gave me—because then I could walk around with a lot of rhinestones on and look sneerful at all the big butter and eggheads out front. But if you are little, the customers want to see you move lively. But he was so nice about it. When I asked him what I ought to do, he said "Get more dancing experience with an orchestra under you. Go into a vaudeville tab or night club." Well, I was dashed, as we used to say in dear old London and I could see mother letting me go into a night club without a struggle. But one of the girls I met at the tryout (her name is Sunshine something-or-other) took a shine to me—no joke intended—and said she would get me in with her over at the Jollity. There was a vacancy there so I went over with her that same night and luck was with me for a change. I go on about four times and sing the same song and dance two cho-

ruses. The festivities start about midnight and I get away about a quarter of three. I don't know what mother is going to do for sleep. She's been sitting up now three nights running hoping the club will burn down or I'll break a leg. It isn't a bad job. I get \$50. a week and bacon and eggs at two in the morning. When I finish my turn, I duck out of sight and stay there. The boss wanted me to join some friends of his at the table the first night but I says to him "There are no gorillas in my contract." Sunshine says you might just as well bang them on the nose with the truth at the start instead of breaking it to them gradually, because sometimes they outguess a poor girl, if she starts to play fox.

You can bet I haven't told Denny anything about it. Oh boy, the explosion in Chicago would sound like a new gang war.

What's the well dressed young woman wearing along the Roo de la Pooh? I wish you would send me the string of genuine imitation pearls you promised me before you left. You should know by this time I remember every word you say except what interferes with my pleasure.

Fred has called up three times a day since you left. Please write to him and save the wear and tear on our telephone. I told him the last time you wrote you told us you were out dancing that night with Georges Carpentier. I think he believes it. God help him! Of course, tastes in men differ and you are

older than I and you ought to know more than I do, but I think you're a bum picker.

There's a tall, dark-haired, black-eyed tango dancer in the Jollity who has been throwing burning glances at me. I got a couple but have been letting most of them go by. I'm afraid I'm going to be afraid of him. Every time he comes around now, I shut my eyes and keep saying "Denny, Denny, Denny, Denny" as fast as I can. Some day I'm going to forget to shut my eyes. Well—here today and gone tomorrow. Lots of love.

DIXIE.

P. S. Can I wear that evening shawl you left? I can't manage it very well in a taxi but I won't let any one burn cigarette holes in it, I promise you. No foolin' can I wear it—honest?



MAY 15TH 5 PM

NA 581 72

CHICAGO ILL 545 P

DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
GEORGE MORTON WRITES HE SAW YOU DANC-
ING IN JOLLITY NIGHT CLUB STOP WHAT

DOES THIS MEAN STOP WIRE AND TELL ME HE
IS A LIAR STOP LOVE

DENNY



MAY 16TH 12 NOON

RH 361 84
BKLYN NY 1235 P
DENNIS KERRIGAN

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

WHAT OF IT?

DIXIE



MAY 16TH 4 PM

16 NK 129
CHICAGO ILL 156 P
DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY
I DONT WANT YOU DANCING IN A NIGHT CLUB
I WONT HAVE IT

DENNY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <p>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</p> <p>FAST TELEGRAM <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>DAY LETTER <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NIGHT TELEGRAM <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NIGHT LETTER <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p><small>We cannot take work on 7 nights the day of which named elsewhere the telegram will be forwarded as a day telegram</small></p> </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> </div> <div> <p><small>STANDARD TIME</small></p> </div> </div>	

MAY 17TH 2 PM

26 RG 421

CHICAGO ILL 531 X

DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY

WHY DONT YOU ANSWER MY WIRE STOP I DEMAND A REPLY IMMEDIATELY

DENNY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <p>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</p> <p>FAST TELEGRAM <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>DAY LETTER <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NIGHT TELEGRAM <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NIGHT LETTER <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p><small>We cannot take work on 7 nights the day of which named elsewhere the telegram will be forwarded as a day telegram</small></p> </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> </div> <div> <p><small>STANDARD TIME</small></p> </div> </div>	

MAY 18TH 3 PM

NA 7272 7

BKLYN NY 17 618 Z

DENNIS KERRIGAN

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

DIXIE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p>TELEGRAM</p> <p>TO: _____</p> <p>FROM: _____</p> <p>MESSAGE: _____</p> <p>NO. OF WORDS: _____</p> <p>NO. OF LINES: _____</p> <p>NO. OF COLUMNS: _____</p> <p>NO. OF ROWS: _____</p> <p>NO. OF COLUMNS: _____</p> <p>NO. OF ROWS: _____</p> </div> <div style="width: 30%; text-align: center;"> <p>TELEGRAM</p> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p>STANDARD TIME</p> </div> </div>	

MAY 18TH 5 PM

NB 244 152 171
CHICAGO ILL 29
DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY
I WONT HAVE YOU DANCING IN A NIGHT CLUB
STOP AND THATS FINAL

DENNY

BASE OF SERVICE DESKED	
Full Rate	
Full Rate Deferred	
Cable Letter	
Word and Letter	

Persons should note on 2. message
the amount of service desired. (1) (2) (3)
NOTE: THE CABLEGRAM WILL BE
REPRINTED AT FULL RATE.

WESTERN UNION
CABLEGRAM

BASE OF SERVICE DESKED	
Full Rate	
Full Rate Deferred	
Cable Letter	
Word and Letter	

MAY 20TH

LCO NITA DUGAN AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS
NEW YORK 122 36 X

HIS NAME IS ALVAREZ ROMANO WHAT SHALL
I DO OH BOY

DIXIE

II

439 FLATBUSH AV.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
May 22nd.

DEAR NITA:

Well, well big girl, you should see my handsome Alvarez, you should! Big brown eyes the boy has, like a St. Bernard, but he uses them like a vibrator. All over me—zoop! Sotch gooseflesh! And when he kisses—well the kid goes sorta faint and dreamy and don't care-ish and can barely get through the front door and slam it shut. Nothing like this ever happened to the baby sister before. So this is love! Stop it, I love it!

He isn't a Spaniard at all. He's an Argentine or something and when he tangoes the floor smokes and they have to throw water on the orchestra. His partner—Raquel Argentina she calls herself—is a wet smack. If she's a dancer, then Lon Chaney is America's sweetheart. Alvarez promised me last night to let me dance with him soon. That'll knock Raquel into a coma. Raquel! I bet her real name is Bessie Glutz and all her Argentine relatives live in South Bend back of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works. Her tango is a glass crash. Means well, poor kid, but no starch in her spine and her wiggles lack

authority. And her kicks! Some kind friend oughta take her out and have her knees lifted.

And what do you think has happened to my other ga-ga? Denny, no less. At first he burned up the wires telling me what I could and could not do. "I won't have you dancing in a night club" he telegraphs straight message, and I wires him, "Hooey," collect. And then he day-letters me: "Are you going to do what I say or not? Answer me at once. Important Rush." So I sends him a post card saying "Walk your horses." And then he calls me long distance from one of those little Indiana towns that the Century throws dust on and he feeds me a lot of static about how I'm breaking his heart and he has heard all about this rum hole I'm working in. "You'll have to get out of the Jollity" says he, "it's full of crime and corruption or sin and seduction" or something like that and I says "Aren't we all?" "There's another man in your life" he says, "but I love you and I'll not see you go to perdition in this way" and I says "I don't get this perdition gag, do you mean maybe I'm going to hell or something" and he says "You're going to hell in a hand basket and it's time some man took you in hand" and I says "Well, that's sweet of you but you'll have to get in line. You can't just step up to the head of the class like that. You'll have to work your way up to show you're worthy of this great honor. Applications will be acted upon in rotation as received. Write name and address plainly. Block letters please. Last name first, first name last and enclose certificate of good

conduct from your parish priest. A few gold stars from your Sunday School teacher won't hurt. And meanwhile here is a kiss from my last batch. They're getting better. Youth isn't everything. Experience is now entering my life." And then poor Denny sorta moaned and since I just can't stand suffering I hung up. So I guess I'll hear from him again pretty soon.

Your loving sister,

DIXIE.

P. S. Dick is going over on the Leviathan and will look you up. Will you steer him over to Coty's and sell him the idea of surprising me with some wicked perfume. No high pressure stuff, sis. Easy does it with Dick. The dear old boy loves finesse as much as though he really had a brain—God forbid!

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

May 25th.

SWEET THING:

After that long distance talk with you the other night, I decided I'd scratch you right off the list but then I thought it over and decided you're so young you don't know what it's all about anyway and you're kinda dizzy with your first job and everything and you don't know anything about men and you need a smart guy like me to steer you right, so you go right ahead giving me the air if you get a kick out of it but I'm going to hang right on just the same, that is unless you get too fresh, because if I

ever do get off you, I can forget you so completely I'd have to be introduced all over again.

And now I've got some real news for you. We're getting out a new line of wall mottoes on velvet, stamped in gold and stencil printed in nine colors with a choice of gold frames or passe-partout to retail \$2.50 or fifty off to the trade in gross lots of twelve titles assorted. Doesn't that sound like a wow! Oh boy! And the sentiments! There's one that I love because I always think of you when I read it over to the trade. It's No. 40XY10 and it goes—

*'S'queer the way I miss you
'S'funny how I sigh
When you ain't near I can't be glad
No matter how I try,
'S'fierce to like you so darn much,
'S'awful, sure enough . . .
Wherever I go I miss you so
'S'terrible . . . 'S'tough!*

Last night was another one of those outings that drive good looking salesmen into monasteries. Leola Fitzgibbons, card buyer for Swartzenheimers, gave me a big repeat order on boxed Xmas assortments so it was up to me to take her out and give the Terre Haute night life a look. The picture wasn't so bad—John Barrymore in something romantic with tights which gave little Leola a chance to freeze onto my hands and look swoonful and after that one of those talking pictures which sound like the first phonographs when they used to have big tin

horns and started every piece with "Colum-bi-yaah REC-corrred." Well, after that spree, we went over to a chop suey and had chicken chow mein and a bunch of dances. The band was hot and Leola switches a mean skirt so that part of it wasn't the washout it might have been, but all the time I was wishing it was you I was cutting corners with. Leola says I'm a sweet dancer, but then all the lady buyers find that out sooner or later. What are you doing now this minute while I'm sitting up here in this lonesome hotel room thinking of you? Hoofing for a lot of plastered goofs in that bum night club.

I wish I could forget you, but I'm awful glad I can't. Say, that wouldn't make a bad motto. I'll have to send that hunch in to the office. And a heluva lot of attention they'll pay to it, or to any of my hunches. They think they know it all, the big stiffs!

Love,
DENNY.

439 FLATBUSH AV.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
May 27th.

SUNSHINE, DARLING:

You missed it when you left this menagerie for the Scandals. You should have stuck around if only for what happened last night. But I don't blame you for doing choline police at fifty bucks with lots of spare time at home instead of this night club racket

where you don't get out till three a. m. and then have to fight your way home. But last night was the cats. The club filled up early with a lot of customers who looked as though they came from the annual outing and fish fry of the Old Soaks Home. All the tables were having a contest to see who could get the most bottles underfoot and still leave room for the waiters to get around.

By two in the morning the air was so thick you could have bottled it, the floor was jammed, the band was trying to drown out the drummer and who should come in but Aimee Semple MacPherson herself and a bunch of newspaper reporters. You know dear, she's that Los Angeles evangelist who was found by radio or something and she's been around taking big city night life apart to see what makes it click. Well, when Jimmy Durante tells me who she is you could have knocked me over with an elephant. And my turn next to go out there in shorts and sing "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong." Well, I wangled through it and was hot footing it back to the dressing room when Larry—you know Short-Change Larry?—headed me off and said Miss MacPherson would like to have me come over to her table and talk to her. Feature that!

She was sitting there very calm and shook hands with me and introduced me around to the lady reporters who were bombarding her with questions. Well, I sits there with my ears nicely adjusted but saying nothing and taking it all in. Finally, she says

"I'm surprised to see so little drinking" and I looks at her to see her laugh, but no, not a smile. And I says "What do you suppose those things are under the tables?" And she takes a good look and says "Why they're bottles" and I says "What did you think they were, ducks?" And just then a lady at the next table sings out to her gentleman friend that she'll be a such and such if any so and so can steal her drink while she's dancing and if she wasn't a lady she'd knock his you-know block off with a bottle. And Aimee took my hand and says softly "They're all little children in here tonight. Little children looking for the light." And I couldn't help saying they're not looking for any light—they're all lit, but she didn't seem to understand.

Just then Jimmy Durante got out on the floor and sang "If I Didn't Know Your Husband and You Didn't Know My Wife," which has some pretty swift ones in it, and what do you suppose Aimee says? "A hungry heart" she says, looking at Jimmy who has been in the night club racket since he was three years old down in the Bowery. "A hungry heart seeking God" says she. Tie that one!

Meanwhile what you told me about my Argentine ga-ga is all coming true. He's getting harder to handle all the time, and jealous! Wow! The other night I was sitting at a table with a couple of Harvard boys—sweet kids both of them—just college boys—not an ounce of harm in a ton of them—and Alvarez was just boiling over. When I went back

to change he started to pop and the place was full of strange Spanish sounds there for a while before I could cool him off. After that he was so sweet and sorry and affectionate, it made me feel just terrible. I tell you, Sunshine, that boy makes me dizzy, the way he's raising the devil one minute and the next all sweet words and soft caresses. I don't know whether I'm afoot or horseback. He's got me all worn out just saying No-no-no-no-no. I didn't know what an easy time I had with a goof like Denny who sat right up and snapped sugar off his nose if I said "Boo." These Argentines think all they have to do is make a chest at a woman and she'll swoon mitt scirms frum delight.

Toodle-oo,

DIXIE.

439 FLATBUSH AV.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June 1st.

DEAR NITA:

Well sis, I guess now it can be told and you're the only one I can tell it to. If Ma ever heard the half of it, I wouldn't have any more home than a banshee. But I hardly know how to start—the whole thing is such a mad blur. If I had only known what I was yessing myself into! But how can a girl tell these days? Almost all parties look alike at the take-off—a few high balls, a few dances, and the boys

getting merry and making preliminary passes to sort of get their bearings generally. But this one turned out differently. And how!

To begin with, Jack Milton showed up at the Club with a birthday. He has already had more birthdays than Methuselah and every one is an excuse for a party. But this time he had a bunch of his tired Wall Street friends with him—all of them fifty or thereabouts and crawling with money. They've been to the Club any number of times since I've been working here and the boss told me before that Jack liked me, which meant nothing in my life, but this time he said Jack wouldn't be happy unless I came to his birthday party and I asked the boss "Where?" and the boss says "Up to his house" and I says "Nix, I'm too young to be going to rich bachelor's houses at three a. m. on parties." And the boss says "You're not going alone. Don't be silly. Some of the other girls are invited too and anyway Jack is A No. 1 and his friends are all as reliable as U. S. Steel—and besides if it gets too wild, you can always call Lenox 2300 and taxi yourself home." So you see, he talked me into it.

Well the men waited for us until we dressed and then we all piled into a couple of limousines and off we went. I wish you could have seen this house of Milton's—four or five stories high, rugs knee-deep, antique furniture all over the place, one of those private elevators that you get into and push buttons and it takes you everywhere, a real cellar with all the kinds of liquor that ever was invented

and popping out from behind every door, Japanese spies with trays full of cocktails. . . . There were four other girls and myself, and mine host and his four substantial friends from down town. They seemed to be nice enough eggs—more like a bunch of school boys playing hookey than big financial wizards, or whatever they are in their working hours.

Well the party jumped right off the dock and lit running. I never said yes to so many different kinds of cocktails and highballs in my life. After an hour of this, I vaguely remember quantities of food appeared magically and then Jack began to pop out of the cellar at pleasant intervals toting real champagne which nobody had the heart to turn down. By this time we had all told all the stories we knew and were pretty well acquainted. The usual amount of dancing and petting but nothing to call out the reserves for, so the baby sister was feeling all set up about everything especially since Jack was making all kinds of fuss over me, telling me how sweet and young and pretty I was and could I learn to care for him, that he was crazy about me, and would do anything for me if I could learn to love him just a little, and me telling him not to be silly and keep his hands to himself and this must have been going on for some time 'cause when I looked around everybody had skipped into other parts of the house and there I was alone with this little prairie flower who was growing wilder every minute.

Well I thought I had learned something about

maidenly jiu jitsu battling with Alvarez but this Jack Milton was something brand new. He was so ruthless and yet kept on talking so sweet to me all the time he had me panicked. I tried to get out of the room several times but he headed me off and finally I began to scream. And then what do you think this big bruiser did? He clapped his hand over my mouth, carried me over to the elevator, slammed the door shut and whisked us up to the next floor, paying as little attention to me as if I were a rag doll. He carried me into the library and dropped me on the divan, still holding his hand over my mouth. Then he started to talk but by this time I was so hysterical with real fear I didn't hear half of it. All I got was that he was sorry but he couldn't have me screaming because the police would come in and there'd be a scandal and he didn't want to hurt me and he loved me and would do anything for me and he was awfully sorry if he frightened me and would I give him just one kiss and be friends, and a lot more out of the same basket, and I thought I can't get anywhere fighting this big gorilla so I better try yessing him a little or anything to get me out of this mess so I relaxed a little and when he took his big paw off my mouth I sat up and started to cry. And then he apologized and let me go, you think? Well, think again. That seemed to start him all over again. He grabbed me and began to kiss me and I went right after him teeth and fingernails and there we were going for each other like a couple of

Kilkenny cats when who should burst in but *ALVAREZ!* This wasn't the first time this crazy Argentine had trailed me, but this time I nearly passed out. His face was as white as a sheet and his hair usually plastered down slick was standing on end. He just let out one scream and dived for Jack. And then I saw he had a long knife in his hand. Well I never thought so fast in my life. I just had time to grab his arm or he would have plunged the knife into Jack's back. He shook me off and then the two men went to it and I passed right out cold.

When I came to I was down in the living room and they were forcing whiskey down my throat. The place was full of cops, most of them holding Alvarez and Jack, both of them covered with blood and Alvarez screaming with rage. The girls were crying and the men were trying to quiet them and at the same time get the police to take Alvarez out and let everybody go home. Finally, one of the men, Wilkins his name was, a big politician I found out later—got the cops off to one corner and gave them some kind of a song and dance after which they dragged Alvarez out still yelling and the party was officially over. Or at least I thought so—but the worst was yet to come. Hardly had the cops gone when Jack who hadn't been saying anything through all this, but was just propped up against the wall getting whiter—well Jack just folds up and falls down in the corner dead to the world. The men rushed to pick him up and then I heard one of them

yell "Get a doctor quick. He's bleeding to death." Well, all the panic before was nothing to this. A couple of the men herded us girls into our coats and hats telling us we had to duck because it looked like a real scandal this time and they couldn't afford to get involved in the papers with a bunch of night club girls—that they were responsible citizens, and I couldn't help telling 'em I was a responsible citizen too and I couldn't afford to get involved in the papers with any roustabout playboys either.

Well the doctor came in just as we were leaving and I don't know yet what happened. I have been afraid to look at the papers this morning—and mother isn't speaking to me at all—it was after five o'clock when I got home. Oh if I ever get out of this mess I'll never let myself into another as long as I live. Suppose Jack is seriously injured and there's an investigation—or suppose he dies and we're all dragged into it? I'm just sick and you not home to help me either. Would you rush back if I had to cable you?

Scared-to-death!

DIXIE.

(From The N. Y. World—June 3rd)

WILD PARTY ENDS WITH BROKER DYING**"Jack" Milton, Millionaire Man-About-Town In Bellevue Hospital After Mysterious Stabbing****NIGHT CLUB GIRLS HELD****Big Social and Financial Names Involved In Scandal**

Although every effort was made to hush up the affair, the police learned early this morning that "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker and club man, is in the Bellevue Hospital dying of knife wounds received during a wild party in his apartments early Tuesday morning. A scandal is promised that will rock New York's social and financial circles. While the police are keeping a strict censorship apparently from instructions "higher up," it was learned that Alvarez Romano, Argentine tango dancer in the Jollity Night Club, was being held as well as

a number of the Night Club girls who were in the party which started at three o'clock last Tuesday morning and wound up with the stabbing at dawn. The names of the girls are being kept secret by the police, as well as the names of the other men who were in the party in Milton's luxurious apartments overlooking Gramercy Park. It is known however that all of the men are of social and financial importance and that every effort is being made by them to keep their names out of the investigation which is already under way.

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CABLEGRAM

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JUNE 3RD
 LCO NITA DUGAN AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS
 NEW YORK 164 19 X
 IN TERRIBLE SCANDAL FOR GODS SAKE COME
 HOME AT ONCE AND HELP ME

DIXIE

III

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES									
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Fast Telegram									
Day Letter									
Night Telegram									
Night Letter									

JUNE 5TH.

CHICAGO ILL 416 X
DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
JUST RECEIVED CLIPPING FROM MORTON
SAYING JOLLITY NIGHT CLUB GIRLS HELD
AFTER STABBING OF NEW YORK CLUB MAN
DURING PARTY ARE YOU MIXED UP IN THIS
RUSH WIRE WORRIED

DENNY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES									
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Fast Telegram									
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Night Letter									

JUNE 6TH

BKLYN NY 27 168 Z
DENNIS KERRIGAN

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

AND HOW

DIXIE

(From The N. Y. Tab—June 6th)
BROKER FIGHTING FOR LIFE

**"Jack" Milton, Stabbed By Love-Crazed Argentine in Wild
 Party with Night Club Girls**

DENIES "DIXIE" IS INVOLVED



JUNE 7TH

CHICAGO ILL 159 X
 DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
 I HOPE YOU ARE CRAZY ABOUT HIM WHOEVER
 HE WAS AND THAT HE DIES AND GOES TO HELL
 DENNY



BKLYN NY 613 Z
 DENNIS KERRIGAN

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL
 TEMPER TEMPER

DIXIE

(From The N. Y. Tab—June 8th)

DIXIE DUGAN WEEPS**"Can I Help It If They Were Both Crazy About Me?"****Sobs Beautiful Dancer**

JEALOUS LOVER BARES ALL**Romano in Cell Tells of Passion for Beautiful
Night Club Dancer**

**JUNE 9TH****CHICAGO ILL 152 Z
DIXIE DUGAN**

**439 FLATBUSH AV. BKLYN NY
I TOLD YOU NOT TO DANCE IN THAT NIGHT
CLUB WHEN I TELL YOU SOMETHING AFTER
THIS MAYBE YOU WILL PAY ATTENTION TO
SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKING
ABOUT**

DENNY



JUNE 9TH

BKLYN NY 166 Z
DENNY KERRIGAN

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL
MAYBE SAYS BABY GO AND PEDDLE YOUR
CHRISTMAS CARDS I HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLES
WITHOUT YOU NAGGING ME LIKE AN OLD
WOMAN

DIXIE

THE TOMBS,
NEW YORK CITY.
June 9th.

ADORADA MIA:

I write to tell you you are beautiful, querida mia, and my heart sings songs of you, but your little head is full of deceit and some day I will go mad and kill you, but always I will love you, diosa mia. Always and for a day! And I tell you too what I will do. So soon I get out of the clutches of these pigs in blue coats with their clubs always ready, I will find this Milton dog and I will cut his heart up into little bits and every bit into little bits because I love you, mi queridissima, and he is no good.

So what do the police tell me this morning—this Milton man maybe he will not die after all and I

say "It is a great pity. I will have to do it all over again and how glad that makes me!" "You'll have to let him alone" they say, "because it is a big scandal now and if you kill him it will be a bigger scandal and you will go to the chair." And I sneer in their faces. "Who? Me? I Alvarez Romano, the son of a presidente of Costaragua?" "Which presidente?" they say and I cannot tell them because I cannot go back anymore to find out. And they say presidente or no presidente, they put you in a chair and pull the switch and socko! the electricity it fries you alive. It seems to make them very happy about talking of frying people alive but to me it is nothing for I am all afire when I think of you. It is like millions of what you call them—volts—always going through me when I think of you—to my fingers and toes and my heart bumps bumps. And then I think of this Milton dog making love to you and I sizzle all over and everything I see is red. Yes, I have made up my mind and will kill him, and you too. Both of you. Because he has money, you like him. I had money too, but the Revolution takes it all away. What do you care? Your heart is like a mirror. It shows only who is looking at it. I will smash it into a thousand pieces. I will grind my heel on it and then I will be sad and will cry and will pick up all the little tender pieces and kiss them and put them together and keep them forever in a little silver box on the piano. And when I play the sweet songs of my country, they will hear and know that I am singing them all for you, flor del Paraiso!

The food is terrible in this jail. Fit only for pigs

and policemen and Jack Miltons, but no, he is in a nice hospital with only a little knife stab in his back. It is lucky for him I did not have my big knife. Ah, that is a knife! I should have pin him to the floor like a butterfly but he gets away with only a little scratch maybe two or three inches deep. It is nothing. In my country, we would not notice it. With a little knife like this in my back, I could hold you in my arms and not know it. But what does he know about love—this big, fat money chaser with his millions and his soft paws caressing you. Tomorrow I kill him. I dig my way out of here, through the wall, under the sidewalk. I tear his iron bed to pieces and beat him to death with it, but no, they will not let me near him.

My heart is breaking, for you are walking on it with your little feet. Your little high heels they dig into my heart and it hurts so—but it is good. I will die here in this awful place and maybe I will never see the sun again or the moon. And those stars of which I would fill both your hands and sprinkle in your hair. And on the moon I would let you stand and carry you from place to place. All this I would do for you but I must die here, all alone, forsaken, far from my country and my people. And even you, for which I have done all this, you do not come near me. Ah, beautiful women have no hearts! But in my heart is a song for you. It is an old song which a lover sings to his love.

*"Oh would that I could hide within my songs
And, every time you sang them, kiss your lips."*

Tuyo que no te olvida—from one who can never forget you,

ALVAREZ.

(From The Eve. Tab—June 11th)

HE DID IT FOR LOVE

(An Interview by Beatrice Heartsease)

Say not that the little God of Love no longer flourishes his deadly bow and arrow in our big, wicked city for I have just met a heart wounded by one of his dear, delightful darts. They will tell you in the cold grey Tombs where those who have loved not wisely but too well are caged like wild beasts, that Alvarez Romano is a hot-blooded killer from the Pampas. Hot-blooded, yes, but only as we girls would love to have our men. A killer, yes, but one who kills for love. Ah, how magnificent to find in this sordid city of sin a knight of old who goes forth to do battle for his lady fair! Such is Alvarez Romano—erstwhile tango dancer in the Jollity Night Club but in reality the highbred, high-spirited scion of an old and honored house in Costaragua—the son of a Presidente no less, a fugitive to this Land of Liberty, only to find himself—ironic fate—once more a prisoner. Ah, life is a cruel jest! But we must smile at it, even though our hearts be breaking.

The girl in the case, or as the French have it "*Cherchez la femme*" meaning "Women are gay deceivers ever" is a true daughter of the new Age, shallow as a boy, deep as a woman,

with dark eyes that can light up with devilment or grow languid with love. One can see how the ardent, passionate Alvarez would be intrigued and eventually captivated by the saucy impudence of a piquant mind continually offering and as often denying the promise of a slim young body, unfolding to the first warm breath of life.

But there is a triangle here. Ah, sly reader—how did you guess it? And as every triangle must have three angles, let us seek the third angle. You will not find it in Sunny Costaragua and you will not find it in the humble Brooklyn home of an American dancing girl. No, you must go down to that grim, mysterious romantic spot which has been called the nerve center of the world: that powerful, insidious home of the mighty octopus—that narrow cavern of cruelty where hope and despair keep high court—Wall Street, with its graveyard at one end and its river at the other and all Heaven and Hell between. Here then, in one of those tiny cubicles where the crafty spider spins his web sits "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker, club man, raconteur, hail-fellow-well-met, sugar daddy, one of those modern Minotaurs who

feeds on the young flesh of "girls who do not know." Today he is lying wracked on a bed of pain—stricken down by the avenging hand of Alvarez Romano, tempestuous son of a passionate south land where womanhood is a lovely and sacred thing.

Strange too that the girl who is the burning focus of love and hate in this triangle—strange too that her name should symbolize our own south land, for Dixie is her name. Dixie! Why the word is a roll of drums, a blare of trumpets with proud flags flying and tears of pride

and love and devotion! And all of this too is here—in this triangle where Death keeps his grisly watch in a high hospital room, and Passion looks out of the dark burning eyes of a lover, in the grey depths of the Tombs and Youth with its tender dreams of love and all that life holds dear cowers in a simple Brooklyn home beneath the black wings of Tragedy.

(Tomorrow Miss Beatrice Heartsease will give our readers another of her poignant and searching articles entitled "She Was Young And Didn't Know.")

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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LR 630
NEW YORK CITY
DIXIE DUGAN

JUNE 13TH

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
WOULD YOU CONSIDER OFFER OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK FOR TWENTY WEEKS OVER KEITH CIRCUIT OPENING PALACE THEATRE NEW YORK CITY TWO WEEKS FROM DATE

B. F. KEITH VAUDEVILLE EXCHANGE.



RLO 16
NEW YORK CITY
DIXIE DUGAN

JUNE 14TH

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
WOULD YOU CONSIDER ENDORSING BABY FACE
POWDERS COLD CREAMS ROUGES WITH USE OF
YOUR PICTURE FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
BABY FACE COSMETIC COMPANY

THE FASH-FORM MILLS INC.
"MAKERS OF MAID-TO-WEAR UNDERTHINGS."

June 14th

MISS DIXIE DUGAN,
439 FLATBUSH AV.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
MY DEAR MISS DUGAN:

We are sending you under separate cover one half dozen of our new Dixie Dugan Bloomers. At least we hope you will allow us to call them The Dixie Dugan Bloomers and we would even consider reimbursing you to some extent for the use of your name although we feel that the publicity that will accrue to you from the distribution of thousands of these bloomers from coast to coast is sufficient compensation.

We are very proud of the quality of silk that goes into the making of these, and the subtle pastel shades which was a real idea, our artist going direct to the natural color harmony of the flowers for his inspiration.

Anxiously awaiting your reply, we are

Sincerely yours,

FASH-FORM MILLS, INC.

Per, Aaron Lipsowitch, President.

(The New York Evening Tab)

**BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
DIXIE DUGAN'S OWN STORY**

True to its tradition of being the first with the latest, the Evening Tab announces it has secured at great expense the story of Dixie Dugan's life from her own lips.

Every father and mother will want to read this story—how a young girl who leaves her home to find fame and fortune in the wicked maze of Broadway becomes involved in a scandal which is rocking New York's social and financial structure.

This story comes from Dixie Dugan's own lips and carries a message to the bewildered parent who today is asking that baffling question: "What will become of this young generation?"

Don't miss the first installment of this epic of night club life which Dixie Dugan has called with amazing simplicity "Ten Thousand Sweet Legs."

Order from your local news dealer!

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
FT. OF EAST 26 ST.
NEW YORK CITY

PRIVATE WARD 18.
June 15th

MISS DIXIE DUGAN,
439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

The first thing I saw when I came to were the roses you sent me. Only seeing you could have made me happier.

JACK MILTON.

439 FLATBUSH AVE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
June 16th

MR. JACK MILTON,
PRIVATE WARD 18,
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL,
FT. EAST 26 ST.,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR MR. MILTON:

I thought you were dying or I wouldn't have sent them. Throw them out if they annoy you.

DIXIE DUGAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

June 18th

DEAR DIXIE:

I hesitated a long while before writing this letter because I don't know hardly what to say. I can hardly believe that you are the girl I'm reading about in the papers. Dixie Dugan—my Dixie—going out to wild parties with millionaire brokers, being pursued by crazy Argentine tango dancers, mixed up in a brawl that may end up in a murder, and now with your pictures in all the papers, and news items saying you are going into vaudeville and into the movies, and today I see in one of the New York papers an announcement of your Life Story written by yourself. Well, you certainly surprise me.

Here I've been going along from town to town, selling Greeting Cards For All Occasions, trying to make an honest living, working hard toward the day when I can offer you my hand and my heart and an honest home where I could come home to a nice little wife who would love me devotedly and would appreciate a good home, and maybe a little house with a garden by the side of the road, and by the way, that's one of our best sellers—9M60 The House By the Side of the Road. You probably remember how it goes.

*Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
etcetera.*

I tell you I'm stunned and heart-sick but I guess maybe a fellow can never tell about women. They look like butter wouldn't melt in their mouths and

the first thing you know they're out stabbing and shooting and raising hell in general. So maybe you had better get it all out of your system now and no matter what happens, I will always think of you.

*All to myself I think of you
Think of the things we used to do
Think of the things we used to say
Think of each happy yesterday.
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I smile
But I keep each olden, golden while
All to myself.*

Your heartbroken
DENNY.

P. S. "All to Myself" is by Wilbur Nesbit and is one of our best sellers. I'm going to send you one of the samples from "Ye Sturdie Hearte of Golde" line, boxed with or without easels. It's made on glass and a little bit cracked but you'd hardly notice it. Whenever you read it, think of me thinking of you—all to myself.

D.

439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
June 14th

DEAR SUNSHINE:

Well by this time the G. F. is pretty dizzy. I haven't felt like this since I fell out of my crib and lit on my head. You should see the newspapers—

great big black and red scare lines, composite photographs in the tabs showing me before and after taking—they have me all taken too. They won't believe that this little girl's motto is the same as Commodore Perry's—"Don't give up!"

Denny writes me sad notes from Chicago all full of the firm's best sellers. Why don't you ring him up at the Tower Building. He'd probably get a big kick out of taking out a chorine from the Scandals and you can tell him I still think he's a sweet boy, but he's too full of sediments. Alvarez is in jail offering me the moon and stars and a lot of hot Costaraguan pash, and then postscripts inviting me with real southern hospitality to have a knife and cut myself a piece of throat. And Milton in the hospital making sound financial passes. But the story of my life which I am writing for The Evening Tab and which I have to read every day to find out what I have written, that's the prize gag. Oh boy, what a lot of hooley! "Ten Thousand Sweet Legs" is the name of it. And I get one thousand sweet smackers for letting them write anything and sign my name to it and running as many moral photographs of me as the censors allow. And offers from vaudeville and advertisers wanting my name on their packages, and my face—no less—on their bottles. And I love it all to death but just when I am beginning to get real happy about it, I remember that Alvarez is going to be tried for murder and I'll be mixed up in it—sitting up there on the stand with my legs crossed, working the revealed knee on the jury. Well, I have

a lot of faith in human nature. You've got to admit there's something in this sex appeal that they're all talking about. Look how it's hung on all through the years and then look at what's happened to those other crazes like Mah Jong and Cross Word Puzzles.

What do you think darling—I was offered a part in the biggest revue in New York and *I turned it down*, partly because I'll probably be making felt slippers in some woman's prison but principally because Walter Catlett told me I'd be swamped in it. "You'd be plumb nerts" says he, "to think of it." "Well, it's a big show," says I. "Yes," says he, "like the south half of an elephant, big but not interesting."

Hoping you are the same,

DIXIE.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Full Rate	
Half Rate (Children)	
Cable Letter	
Week End Letter	
Name of Sender	
Address of Sender	
City and State	

WESTERN UNION

CABLEGRAM

Date 1917	
Number	
Number of Words	
Time Paid	

JUNE 16TH

RDO PARIS
 DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
 ARRIVING MAJESTIC MEET ME PIER SATUR-
 DAY MORNING THE BIG SISTER WILL SEE
 YOU THROUGH

NITA

IV

439 FLATBUSH AVE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June 18th

SUNSHINE DEAR:

There hasn't been so much excitement in one little girl's life since Fanny Ward was a child—and they do say that when they opened up Eighth Avenue they found one of her rattles in the same layer of mud with Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg.

Firstly, the big sister Nita dashed back from Paris to help me through my troubles which up to then consisted principally in pasting clippings. If I were Sodom and Gomorrer, whoever they were, I couldn't have rated more white space next to pure reading matter. The dear old subscribers sure like a good hot sexy brawl with their morning Java.

Nita took hold of things the minute she got back, which I knew she would do. First thing she got busy with some of the men she knows who are way up in politics, or something and they had Romano's trial stalled off for a while to see how Milton recovers. Then she had a talk with Milton who is picking up nicely but seems to be sillier than ever about me. She says he would like to have Romano

sent up but he doesn't want to get involved in any scandal himself, so he is pulling all the wires he knows to have the thing shushed.

Meanwhile my life story written by myself breezes along in the Evening Tab. Every new installment is a fresh surprise to me—the author who must pay out two cents every evening to find out what it is. It seems by the chapter today I was the bestest girl they ever had in Sunday School and copped off all the little Golden Text Cards, which will certainly be news to mother who could never find me any time Sunday unless she sent out a posse. I mean after I learned to walk.

The next thing Nita did was to cinch that vaudeville offer Keith's made me. I get five hundred smackers for myself, and they pay the rest of the cast and expenses. The route is for twenty weeks but it seems there is a little goopher dust in the contract to the effect that eighteen of these weeks is optional on how the first two go. Well baby, if the first two don't go, all I got to say is there is no hope for vaudeville and the movies will have the field to themselves. My stunt is going to be a sketch called "Night Club" starring me. I'll sing and dance and act too. It isn't written yet but we are going to start rehearsals next Monday at Bryant Hall. Nita got hold of the man who writes a lot of these revue sketches for Ziegfeld and the Shuberts and he's working on it now. Can you see me as an actress? Get away from that entrance Jeanne Eagels—I can't have you stealing my stuff. . . . Who's on the phone? . . . Mr.

Belasco? . . . Tell him to call me back, I'm in my bawth!

Whoopie! Get hot!

DIXIE.

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune—June 18)

THEATRICAL NOTES

Confidential spies from this Department report that Dixie Dugan is going into vaudeville.

Pretty young things who get entangled with the law usually use the front page as a spring-board into the Two-a-Day, but it seems that Dixie has something besides what her mother gave her.

It will be recalled by those of you who waste time on other departments of this paper that she was a specialty dancer in the Jollity Night where the Argentine, Alvarez Romano also

danced before he eased a knife into "Jack" Milton, who was throwing a party up in his apartments for Dixie, and his boy friends, from which it would seem that Dixie though a brunette, suddenly went blonde.

Dixie Dugan's vehicle, in what is euphemistically called Variety, is a new sketch "Night Club." The brightest of our readers can probably deduce from this what the sketch is about. It will have a tryout out of town and then come into the Palace.

June 20th.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

I read about you in the Minneapolis Tribune and the trouble you got into and it seems to me a girl like you all alone in the big city needs a man to take care of her. I am lonesome and affectionate and need a pal and helper, as I have a modest but successful

little suburban poultry farm where I know, I could make you happy. Will you marry me and help me take care of my chicken farm and my five darling little children? Their ages are from Hilda 7 yrs. to little Pete, age 9 mos.

Maybe you will be interested in knowing how I look. I am an American, age 46, but look 40; am 5 ft. 10 in. high, weight 160 lbs. and am very active. I am a Methodist and belong to the Sunday School and the Glee Club and have been a widower since Jan. Have been a country school teacher, a r.r. telegraph operator in Anoka, Minn. and all my life have been a hard worker, ambitious and a hustler. Now I am an experienced poultry man with an established egg business inventing labor-saving, sanitary brooders. I have a piano and violin and associate only with refined people who I know will be glad to entertain you as my wife, not holding your past against you.

Trusting you will snap up this opportunity, I remain

Yrs. truly,

(signed) PETER NORTON

Address: R. F. D. 4

Anoka, Minn.

(From The Newark Star—June 21)

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

This Week Only

DIXIE**DUGAN**

In

“NIGHT CLUB”With an All Star Cast Including
Jollity Club Jazz Maniacs.

(From Variety, Week of June 22.)

STATE

(Vaude-Picts.)

Stand 'em up biz. May be due to the weather. May be due to the turns. The weather turned out better than the turns. Stand 'em up biz anyway.

Biff Magee and Pals (New Acts) opened. This is the old comedy mule stunt modernized for a lot of laughs. The Honey-suckle Four, individually heavy troupers, zipped across for an easy hit in the deuce spot. Barney and Gert, following, were a class twosome, working in 1927 tempo for a sizable score in the giggle department.

Ben Sorka and Maude are an unsubtle comedy team in “one” with Yid humor and soprano straight.

Eppus Duo—man and woman novelty perch turn in four, didn't get much of a deal. The woman's work on a high horizontal, balanced by the man, got out of range of the spot and was lost. A dull cyc and low lights throughout not so good for the mob eye.

Dixie Dugan in “Night Club” was in the choice groove next to shut. A flash act that has everything—comedy, speed, girls, talent, etc. Dixie is an eye-ful, an ear-ful and means a house-ful! What a girl! Where

is Ziggy? The kid is clever—she's hot—she's vaudeville plus—she has all it takes—she dances like a zephyr—she has a mine of comedy—she has grace—personality—verve and sex. She's a bear. Nobody can stop her. The kid is there—she's the spirit of vaudeville. She sells it. They buy it. So be it. So is it. There it is. Take it or leave it.

Eight femmes and a pair of male hoofers take up the burden when she is off. Girls plenty young to please the fatigued man of commerce.

There is a song bird in the act who ungargles a pip of a soprano.

Of course, there is a band—nicely received. Conductor, not so hot. Somebody should explain the difference between the up and down beat to the boy.

The comedy was a peppy hash of gags and stories. Some of the lines could be sent out to the laundry with the rest of the wash.

But Dixie is in. This is one tabloid scandal that dug up a live one without the aid of a bathtub.

The pic—“Hold That Girl” is one of those heavy muzzling

affairs with the regular shrine in the garden finish. Ran the die-hards out of the house. Even the community petters

with dark-corner specialties of their own couldn't stand it. Heigh ho!

(Early)

(From the N. Y. World—June 24)

SHIPPING NEWS

ARRIVALS:—S/S Sierra Cor-doba from Costaragua, bringing among other distinguished pas-

sengers, Senor Fillippo Romano, ex-presidente of the Republic of Costaragua.

(From The N. Y. Tab June 27.)

DIXIE DUGAN DISAPPEARS

Beautiful Night Club Dancer and Stage Star
Kidnapped or Murdered?

Last night the orchestra played the overture for Dixie Dugan at the State Theatre, Newark, and the curtain went up on an empty stage. The audience waited expectantly for Dixie to trip out. They waited and waited. No Dixie. The orchestra played the introductory music again. A wave of chill apprehension swept over the house. What could have happened? The curtain came down once more and an agitated stage manager hurried out and with profuse apologies to the audience explained that Miss Dugan was ill and could not appear but the show would go on. The show did go on—as usual—with lights and laughter out front. But back stage was pandemonium. Dixie Dugan was not ill. She had disappeared.

Careful search of her dressing room gave no clues. All of her street clothes were there. Her maid could give no explanation. "Miss Dugan came back here for a cigarette, just after her call," said the maid. "She was

in her opening costume and made up to go on. I gave her a cigarette and she went right out that door. I haven't seen her since." The maid wept. But tears will not bring her back. Neither did any of the stage hands see her. Nor the door man, nor any one out in the street in the vicinity, so far as the police could learn.

All sorts of dark and ugly rumors are afloat. As everyone knows, Dixie Dugan is the central figure in the stabbing affray in which "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker and influential man-about-town, nearly lost his life a few weeks ago in a wild, early morning party in his luxurious apartments. It is said Dixie knows too much about the night lives of some of our leading citizens.

Rumor also connects the arrival in this country a few days ago of Senor Fillippo Romano, ex-presidente of the Republic of Costaragua, the father of Alvarez Romano, night club tango dancer, who stabbed "Jack" Milton and who until a few

days ago was held in the Tombs. It is now learned that he was released a couple of days ago on bail but his attorneys are keeping him incommunicado.

On the other hand, it is rumored in financial circles that "Jack" Milton was one of a

powerful syndicate of oil interests who underwrote the last insurrection in Costaragua which overthrew the Romane government. So this stabbing by Alvarez Romano seems more than just a jealous fight for Dixie. It may be an act of poetic justice!

SCENE: *Living Room at the Dugan Home—439 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn.*

REPORTER EVE. TAB: Are you the mother of Dixie Dugan?

MRS. DUGAN (*crossly*): Yes I am! What of it?

"I am her mother," sobbed Mrs. Dugan. "Her mother who nursed her from tender childhood," and tears streamed down her honest, old face, wrinkled with care.

REPORTER: Will you tell us something about her childhood?

MRS. DUGAN: I will not!

"Dixie was my little baby," she sobbed. And then she smiled wistfully through her tears. "And such a baby. Big brown eyes and golden curls. I've kept one of them. Would you like to see it?"

REPORTER: Can we take a picture of you?

MRS. DUGAN: No!

REPORTER (*to Photographer*): All right Mike.

MIKE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER (*to Mrs. Dugan*): Hold this please. Look at them as if you were about to cry. (*Hands her grimy pair of prop baby shoes*

which he fishes out of his pocket.) Head up a little more please.

MRS. DUGAN (*proud in spite of herself over having picture taken*): Wait till I fix my hair a little, can't you?

Her gnarled hands clutched the tiny baby shoes in which Dixie used to patter around the floor in those dear dead days of long ago when she would totter to the door and wave a chubby hand to her daddy coming up the rose-covered walk. "These are her first little shoes," sobbed the dear old mother. "Her little 'oots she used to call them. And now . . . and now . . . Where are those little feet?"

REPORTER (*indicating three or four youngsters peering curiously through window*): Those yours?

MRS. DUGAN: Thank God, no!

(*Reporter gestures significantly to Mike who disappears and returns almost immediately with children whom he groups with professional speed around Mrs. Dugan.*)

MIKE: Now come on, kids, look up at the lady. Look sad. Put your hands on their heads, Mrs. Dugan.

MRS. DUGAN: What's all this for?

TINY TOTS COMFORT FRANTIC MOTHER. The Evening Tab Staff Photographer pictures scene in home of Dixie Dugan when neighboring children come to console mother of missing night club star. "Where is boo'ful lady- Will boo'ful lady bing us tandy?" they prattle in childish innocence.

MIKE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Stop chewing that gum, will ya?

TINY TOT: Aw, go button your nose!

THIS IS STATION W-W-W BROADCASTING OVER A BAND OF NINE HUNDRED EIGHTY KILOCYCLES BY AUTHORITY OF THE FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION. REPORTED MISSING TO THE POLICE—DIXIE DUGAN OF 439 FLATBUSH AVENUE, BROOKLYN, AGE EIGHTEEN, 5 FT. 2 INCHES TALL, WEIGHT 110 POUNDS, BROWN EYES, DARK BROWN HAIR. WHEN LAST SEEN WAS WEARING SHORT PINK STAGE COSTUME, NO STOCKINGS, BLACK SHOES. HAS SMALL SCAR ON LEFT WRIST. TWO SMALL MOLES ON BACK UNDER LEFT SHOULDER BLADE. LAST SEEN AT STATE THEATRE, NEWARK.

WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR THE FINAL RETURNS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE WE WILL HAVE A SOLO BY MISS AXIE GOODYKOONZ WHO WILL SING "WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM." . . .

The New York Evening Tab offers \$10,000 reward for any news which will lead to the discovery, alive or dead, of Dixie Dugan, missing Broadway beauty and Night Club star who disappeared mysteriously from the State Theatre, Newark, on June 26th. Address Dixie Dugan Reward Editor of the New York Evening Tab.

VOX POPULI

To the Editor of the Evening Tab:

I am an old subscriber of yours dating away back two years come St. Steven's Day and probably the only subscriber you have who can spell out all the hard words under the pictures. So surely you will forgive me if I ask you to explain something in your paper which puzzles me.

You need not start so. It is not the editorial page. No. It is Dixie Dugan's life story entitled, rather pastorally I take it, "Ten Thousand Sweet Legs." How—and this is the question that burns me—do you manage to get daily installments of this story from her own lips for your Magazine Page when on the First Page of the same paper you not only admit you do not know where Dixie Dugan is but you will give \$10,000 reward to any one who can tell you. Of course, if this is a professional secret like levitation or ectoplasm, or if it is something you do with mirrors, I will not blame you for treating this letter with the amused contempt it deserves.

FAITHFUL READER.



RE 301 67
HARRISBURG PA
EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB

JUNE 28TH

NEW YORK CITY
GIRL ANSWERING DESCRIPTION DIXIE
DUGAN TAKEN OFF TRAIN HERE WILL HOLD
FOR YOUR IDENTIFICATION AND REWARD
POLICE DEPARTMENT



SO 219 56
 SPEEDWAY AIR FIELD
 CHICAGO ILL
 EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB

JUNE 28TH

NEW YORK CITY
 PLANE PASSED OVER HERE EARLY THIS
 MORNING CARRYING PILOT AND GIRL WHOM
 AIR MAIL PILOT EARL LANDRY CLAIMS AN-
 SWERED DESCRIPTION DIXIE DUGAN TRIED
 TO APPROACH PLANE CLOSER BUT IT ES-
 CAPED IN FOG HEADED NORTH PLEASE AD-
 VISE

MANAGER SPEEDWAY AIR FIELD



EG 547 33
 FORT LAUDERDALE FLA
 EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB

JUNE 28TH

NEW YORK CITY
 WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE STEPS TO CONVINCE
 LOCAL AUTHORITIES I AM NOT DIXIE DUGAN
 AM BEING HELD HERE FOR SOME IDIOTIC
 REWARD YOU ARE OFFERING MEANWHILE WILL

LOSE JOB UNLESS I GET TO JACKSONVILLE
WHERE ROBINSON BROTHERS CIRCUS IN
WHICH I DO TRAPEZE ACT OPENS NEXT MON-
DAY WIRE ANSWER CARE LOCAL CHIEF PO-
LICE

PEARL LE MAY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Fast Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Telegram	
Night Letter	
<small>The sender must mark on it clearly the class of service desired, otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a fast telegram.</small>	
	
TELEGRAM	
<div style="float: right;"> RECEIVED JUNE 29 1934 NEW YORK CITY </div>	

RL 172 50
BUTTE MONTANA
EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB

JUNE 29TH

NEW YORK CITY
DIXIE DUGAN FOUND HERE WIRE INSTRUCTIONS

THE LIONS CLUB

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Fast Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Telegram	
Night Letter	
<small>The sender must mark on it clearly the class of service desired, otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a fast telegram.</small>	
	
TELEGRAM	
<div style="float: right;"> RECEIVED JUNE 29 1934 NEW YORK CITY </div>	

TA 444 95
DENISON TEXAS
EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB

JUNE 29TH

NEW YORK CITY
I KNOW WHERE DIXIE DUGAN IS HIDING BUT
WILL REQUIRE SOME MONEY FOR EXPENSES
PLEASE WIRE ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

G. F. GOLDBLATT

V

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

July 1, 1927

MR. DENNY KERRIGAN,
TOWER BLDG.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

HELLO DENNY:

What's the matter with your sales, ole fella? Where's the old pep? Where's the old wim and wigor?

A careful analysis of your sales reports for the last few weeks shows a slump which is not reflected in the reports of any of the other men. Business in the East and Middle West is uniformly good with steady re-orders and heavy advance buying for the new lines. Watkins in Illinois and Kimball in Ohio are doing record business in Everyday cards and mottoes and especially in Ye Lyttle Boxed Gifts. In our leader—BX-11, Ye Merrie Lyttle Egg-Beater, both Watkins and Kimball have three hundred percent gain over you in the latest analysis of sales which I have made.

I can't understand this, ole fella, and I want to tell you confidentially the Old Man is getting darned peevish. He was going over the figures with me to-day and he said to me "What's the matter with Kerrigan?" And I said "He's all right." And the Old Man says "He is, is he? Then look at these figures."

And I had to admit that the figures looked bad. "You can't tell me," says the Old Man, "that the demand for our Boxed Egg-Beater should go up in Illinois and Ohio and down in Indiana. They're still beating eggs in Indiana." And then I thought I'd have a little fun with him and I says "You know you couldn't beat eggs with those egg beaters." And he says "Well, they don't know that in Indiana—at least, not yet. And besides, those are gift egg-beaters and you can't tell me they don't give egg-beaters in Indiana, especially when they come in a gift box with nine color off-set box top and a dye-stamped hand-colored gift card attached." So I says, 'Well Kerrigan is falling down on the egg-beater, but look at his sales on Wearyin' For You.' Why he sold more of those mottoes, framed and cards with eps than all the other boys in the Middle West." And that sorta pacified the Old Man for a little while but he went away muttering about the egg-beaters, so I'm just tipping you off.

If there's anything on your mind, why don't you let a fella know. You know I'm one of the boys, even if I did give up juggling sample cases to park here on my haunches and kick the old sales in the tail once in a while. You can spill it to me, ole fella, 'cause I got a hunch there's something psychological about this. A good go-getter like you wouldn't fall down on a swell number like BX-11 if he didn't have somethin' eatin' his heart out.

Slip it to your gruff old sales manager.

AL.

P. S. BX-14, 3C-9, and the 5 cent Dad cards in black and white are out and won't be reprinted. Kill the dollar Mothers. There's no profit in it. We are putting in a new 75 cent retail Mother with engraved insert, as the trend seems to be toward cheaper Mothers and more expensive Sweethearts.

TOWER BUILDING,
CHICAGO, ILL.
July 3rd.

MR. AL EVANS,
GLEASON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR AL:

Herewith Sales Reports for week ending July 2nd.

You will note I took an increase on the Kiddy Mother-Goose Birthdays but I don't seem to be able to put my heart in the Boxed Gift Line. I think it's priced wrong and doesn't compare value for value with Buzza. I was talking to one of the Buzza men in the lobby last night and he said the whole Boxed Gift Line demand is falling off in Indiana so I can't understand what you say about Kimball and Watkins. Now you take BX-11 for instance, there's a gift item for fifty cents retail which is just a single-action egg beater, and it doesn't compare with a similar article in the Buzza line, where they not only give them a double-action egg beater, but the box top is done in that new Perroquet process, using water colors. I tell you I'm getting damned sick

telling those dumb dealers those water colors won't last, because they always come back and say, "What of it? Nobody is going to beat eggs with the box tops. Suits us if they last long enough to get over the counter and out the door." So your Sales Strategy Board better think up a new knock for us fellows.

No, there ain't nothin' on my chest—that is, not much. I do wish I could take a week off though, for I'm not feeling so good.

DENNY.

P. S. Mokowitz Brothers say they sent in a big mail order, so when I called, they weren't having any. And yet I didn't see any record of my getting any credit for this order. Mokowitz report a big Confirmation card business.



JULY 5TH

DENNY KERRIGAN
X 261 LD

TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL
LETTER RECEIVED OLD MAN SAYS TO COME IN
AT ONCE AND REPORT TO HIM.

AL

July 6th.

SCENE: *Sales Manager's Office Gleason & Company.*

TIME: 10 A. M.

SALES MANAGER: He isn't down yet. Just as well.

DENNY: What's on his chest? I mean what's eatin' him? I mean what's the big idea, huh?

SALES MANAGER: He thinks you're layin' down.

DENNY: Who, me?

SALES MANAGER: He thinks you ain't got your heart in the ole Gleason line any more.

DENNY: Who, me?

SALES MANAGER: What's the matter? Why don't you tell a fella? You look like the last drink in the bottle.

DENNY: I'm sick.

SALES MANAGER: Where? 'Smatter?

DENNY (*laying hand over heart*): Here.

SALES MANAGER: Aw, go on! You talk like a True Story.

DENNY: I should care what I talk like. I'm sick, I tell you. My heart aches so I can't stand it. I'm going crazy.

SALES MANAGER: You ought to sell Greeting Cards all the better for that. That's what we need in this Sentiment business—more sentiment. (*Suddenly.*) Now I see why you're ahead of your quota on 9M-63.

DENNY: Just a Wearyin For You? That's a motto! Wish we had more like that.

SALES MANAGER (*triumphantly*): You're in love. That's what's the matter with you.

DENNY: How did you guess it?

SALES MANAGER (*proudly*): Oh, you've got to be a psychologist in this business. How do you suppose a Sales Manager could hold his job if he didn't study people? Why the first principle of successful modern salesmanship is the ability to analyze the fundamental principles which underly the successful creation and stimulation of the initial desire for your product and then . . .

DENNY (*wearily*): You said all that at the last convention. But I'm heartbroken just the same.

SALES MANAGER: She threw you down?

DENNY: Not quite that.

SALES MANAGER: She's cheating?

DENNY: Maybe, I don't know. God, how can you tell about women?

SALES MANAGER (*profoundly*): That's true, too. (*Suddenly.*) Where is she?

DENNY (*pacing the floor*): That's it. Where is she? If I only knew. She's gone. Disappeared. Vanished off the face of the earth.

SALES MANAGER: Yes? Who is she? Do I know her?

DENNY: No. She's a little dancer in New York. The sweetest, the dearest, the loveliest, the cutest . . .

SALES MANAGER: I know. I know.

DENNY (*ecstatically*): And eyes—big, brown, beautiful! And hands—like our motto Pale Hands That Took Hold of My Heart. (*Continues rhapsodically.*)

*I used to laugh at your tender awkwardness
But that was before you took hold of my heart.
And now I do not laugh any more
For your hands are small and weak,
But they are hurting me.*

SALES MANAGER (*suddenly, all business*): My God, I'm going to get the Old Man to turn over just the motto line to you and let you hit the big accounts. You'd clean up!

DENNY (*paying no attention*): You know she got into some sort of trouble down there in New York. She was dancing in a Night Club and she went to a party and a crazy Argentine dancer followed her there and stabbed the host of the party—a rich broker, named Jack Milton. And then she got so much publicity, she went on the stage. And the last I heard of her was an account in Variety, of her act, how wonderful she was and the next day there were headlines in all the papers of how she had disappeared, vanished right off the stage and no one knows where she is, and what's become of her even with rewards offered and everything.

SALES MANAGER: Gee, what do you know about that!

DENNY: It was bad enough before she disappeared. We sorta had a quarrel and I told her where to get off. I wasn't going to have her dancing in any night club and stabbing people in the back—I mean running around to wild parties and getting mixed up in murders and things. But since she disappeared, I've

just gone crazy wondering all day what's become of her and dreaming all night she's been murdered or something and I've got so I just can't eat or sleep or nothing. I think I'll just go crazy if they don't find her pretty soon.

SALES MANAGER: But I thought you said you had a quarrel with her before that and had broken off?

DENNY: I know. But you know how those things are. Why Al, she's got to be so much a part of me, I could break off my arm just as easy as break off with her. Yeh, or a leg. That's how I am about her. Goofy.

SALES MANAGER: Well I know how you feel, but still in all the Old Man is paying you a salary and a commission to sell Mottoes and Greeting Cards and Boxed Gifts and it looks to me as though . . . here's the Old Man now. Good morning D. G.

GLEASON (*President of Gleason & Company, Greeting Cards For All Occasions*): 'lo A. E. 'lo Kerrigan. (*Shaking hands.*) I called you in to have a chat with you.

DENNY: I know.

SALES MANAGER: We were just talkin' it over.

GLEASON (*to Sales Manager*): So. (*To Denny.*) Suppose I see you later, Kerrigan. (*Denny goes out.*) Now what's eatin' that young fellow?

SALES MANAGER: He's batty about some night club girl in New York. She disappeared.

GLEASON: Probably off with some other bird.

SALES MANAGER: No, I guess they were kinda

fond of each other. She's been a victim of foul play or something. There's a big reward in the papers to find her.

GLEASON: That's tough, but what the hell's that got to do with Kerrigan's sales in Indiana? Did you tell him about that Boxed Egg Beater?

SALES MANAGER: I wrote to him and he said we weren't putting enough value in the article compared with a similar item in the Buzza line.

GLEASON: My God! Is he selling Buzza goods or Gleason's. I never saw a salesman yet who didn't think he was an authority on manufacturing and costs and they can't even add up their expense accounts correct.

SALES MANAGER: I think he'll be all right when he gets over this love affair. He's young, you know, and sentimental.

GLEASON: I don't see any reason why we should let sentiment interfere with our business. Sentiment is all right on cards, to be sold in large quantities at a profit, that's all. Otherwise, it's just a damn nuisance. I know. I used to be sentimental. Then I went into this business and it took all the sentiment out of me.

SALES MANAGER: I know.

GLEASON (*wistfully*): You know Christmas is really something pretty fine, the spirit of Christmas, I mean. Christmas isn't just a day to give a lot of things away . . . I mean . . . damn these sentiments! They keep running in my mind. I remember

when I was a kid and used to come down the stairs and see that tree all lit up, why it was like all the stars in the heaven on a summer night, and we used to sing songs and there would be a big turkey with plum pudding—you know I haven't seen a plum pudding since I was this high. (*Sadly.*) It would probably give me indigestion now. (*Suddenly.*) And what does Christmas mean now?

SALES MANAGER: Yeh, what?

GLEASON: It means that eighteen months before it comes off, I'm going to worry whether some other outfit is going to get out a line with tissue-lined envelopes for five cents retail, and how many of the old dies can we hold over and stamp on new stock, and are we going to get any more of that Italian hand made paper. And one year before, I'm worrying all about the sample line getting out on time, and six months before, how orders are coming in and three months before, how re-orders are coming in. And about Christmas when all should be peace on earth and good-will to men, I've forgotten all about angels and camels and Wise Men and am wondering what the hell's the matter with collections. God, what a business! (*Savagely.*) That cub Kerrigan makes me sick—still sentimental!

SALES MANAGER (*soothingly*): I don't blame you.

GLEASON: A lot you know about it! Wait until you're as old as I am and you'll know what it means to be sick like I am. Envy, that's it. I wish I could

get so crazy about a girl that I could forget sample lines, and sales and discounts and re-orders. And yet, what would become of this business if I did?

SALES MANAGER (*earnestly*): It would go straight to hell!

GLEASON: And a good thing too! (*Jams on his hat.*)

SALES MANAGER: Where are you going?

GLEASON: I think I'll go out and get drunk.

SALES MANAGER: What about Kerrigan?

GLEASON: Fire him. Or no, raise his salary. I don't care what you do. Don't let me hear about him any more.

SALES MANAGER (*helplessly*): I don't know what to do about him!

GLEASON (*sadly*): Neither do I. I guess you'd better send him in here. (*Sits down again. Sinks back in seat and pulls hat down over his eyes. Broods.*)

SALES MANAGER: Before he comes in, I know you'll be glad to learn that sales for the month have exceeded June of last year by twenty-five percent. That's five percent over the quota we set. We took most of the increase in with the new Song of the Heart series.

GLEASON (*far away*): Song of the Heart. Dear! dear!

SALES MANAGER (*on phone*): Tell Mr. Kerrigan who's waiting out there, to come in now. Mr. Gleason will see him.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY*We Never Sleep*

12 EXCHANGE PLACE

NEW YORK CITY

July 5th.

TO: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,
67 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT: *Confidential Report*

Operators 291 and 306 discovered yesterday small boy who had seen subject step into closed car at stage door of State Theatre, Newark. At time of disappearance had not been talked to by police. Boy thought nothing of the matter but when discovered by our operators remembered incident distinctly. Didn't take notice of license number. Did not see, or could not remember having seen any one else in car. Think we have clue of car. Will report.

CARMODY.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY*We Never Sleep*

12 EXCHANGE PLACE

NEW YORK CITY

July 6th.

TO: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,
67 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT: *Confidential Report*

Special Operator 411 has traced whereabouts of subject through attorney who arranged bail. On ar-

rival at address, however, found subject had just left taking all belongings in large brown leather suitcase. Found nothing in apartment but copy of Variety Magazine dated June 22nd with pages eighteen and nineteen torn out, as if hurriedly. Operator traced Variety file and discovered page eighteen contained story of motion picture combine and page nineteen, reports of three vaudeville shows in New-ark, Brooklyn and Loew's Circle. Have called in operator 411 and assigned special theatrical operator to the case. Will report later.

CARMODY.

67 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.
July 7th.

TO: OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY,
12 EXCHANGE PLACE,
NEW YORK CITY.

GENTLEMEN:

Thank you for your reports just received.

Suspect Argentine dancer is involved in Dixie Dugan's disappearance and fear for the worst, as I know from experience he is a desperate man and would not stop even at murder.

If anything of importance transpires, you can reach me through my private phone—Gramercy 0001. Spare no efforts or expense to locate her.

Sincerely,

JOHN J. MILTON.

HOTEL HERMITAGE,
WEST 42ND ST. TIMES SQ.,
NEW YORK CITY.
July 9th.

MR. DONALD GLEASON,
GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
DEAR MR. GLEASON:

I am afraid I was too overcome at your kindness to thank you as much as I wanted to for letting me have leave of absence for a few weeks until I can find Dixie.

I guess I am like all the other fellows on the road who think you're just a hard-boiled business man with a cash register where your heart is. When I get back on the job, I'm going to work myself to death for you. Not that I haven't given my best efforts to the line up until now. But you were so darned nice—remember our 30XII—

*They may make 'em as staunch and as four-
square as you,
They may make 'em as honest and make 'em as
true,
With just such a mighty grand record behind 'em,
But damn it old fellow! I never could find 'em.*
DENNY KERRIGAN.



VI

HOTEL HERMITAGE,
TIMES SQUARE,
NEW YORK.
July 14th.

MR. AL EVANS,
GLEASON & COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
DEAR AL:

Well, Al, I sure am putting in a busy session down here in New York what with this and what with that and I sure seem to be getting the low-down on this here Dixie Dugan disappearance. That is—a sort of low-down, so to speak.

Yesterday, I went down to Wall Street and met this fellow Milton I told you about. Well, it seems this broker is a sort of a broker—just what sort I don't know but he is about fifty years old and looks like a fat spider and is crawling with jack. Gee, when I sat there and looked at him and thought of him pawing Dixie, I wanted to jump over the desk and tear his heart out with my bare hands. But he wasn't a bad sort after I got talking to him and he told me how he has a lot of detectives out trying to find Dixie and that he suspects this Argentine dancer Alvarez Romano is mixed up in it because he

disappeared the same time Dixie did. But he says he'll find her if he has to spend his last dime to do it. I hope he does—I mean spends his last dime—and finds her too, for that matter.

I says to him why are you so hot and bothered about all this? And he says because I'm in love with her, he says and I says aren't we all? But what good is it going to do you because I'm going to marry her. And then he has the gall to tell me I wouldn't be doing her any favor to marry her. You couldn't keep her in cigarettes, let alone stockings, he says and I says all the cigarettes she gets from me won't give her a cough. When I get hold of her, I'm going to make her cut out this rough and tumble night life and settle down in a nice little quiet home. And he says and raise a lot of nice little quiet kids, I suppose, with sticky faces and feet that go pitter patter. And I says that's the idea.

*I love to hear the friendly sound
Of little children pattering 'round
Pattering 'round about the floor
Oh how could you or I be sore . . .
To hear them pattering 'round the floor,
Pattering, pattering, 'round the floor.*

And then I goes on and recites the rest of it and he seems surprised that I can recite poetry, but you know I know every sediment in our line and could

recite 'em all backwards which is the way most of 'em should be recited, if you ask me, because if we haven't got a cheesy bunch of poets writing our stuff, then I don't know poetry when I see it.

And by the way, that reminds me. He's got a sign over his desk on the wall that would make a swell motto. I made a copy of it while I was talking to him about Dixie. Look it up, and if it isn't too protected, let's use it. It goes like this: "Cheer Up! Remember Today Is The Tomorrow You Worried About Yesterday. Whoopie!" I can see that done in bold face lettering in gold against a black background, about 4 by 5 1/2 say. We ought to sell a slough of them to offices and places because there's a deep thought underneath it—a kind of philosophy you might say. Am I right?

I've been picking up some very nifty ideas for the line while I've been hunting for Dixie but I've got to ring off now as I'm going to a good dancing show tonight to take my mind off my troubles. I bet I'd go crazy if I didn't get some sort of relief like this.

Best regards and tell the Old Man I hope to be back on the job soon. And I'll fill every little Indiana home so full of mottoes they'll be sweeping them under the beds to get them out of the way.

DENNY.

NEW YORK CITY.

July 15th.

MR. KIRK KING,
SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR KIRK:

Well baby, this week has been a cuckoo. You know when I wrote you about a couple of weeks ago, I told you I was one of them there ghost writers doing my bit for belles lettres, as we call our Evening Tabloid magazine page, by knocking out a few sticksfull of bogus autobiography. Well, I'm still Dixie Dugan and my contribution to the Fine Arts is monastically entitled "Ten Thousand Sweet Legs." Boy, it's hot. With one hand I offer them sex and with the other I rap them smartly over the knuckles with a brass ruler and say "Mustn't touch. Burn-y, burn-y." Then I sling them a paragraph of old time religion and single standard and what will become of this young generation. (I hope nothing ever becomes of it. I like it just the way it is.) And then another paragraph like the proverbial flannel undershirt that is supposed to make you hot and drive you crazy, and presto! the uplifted forefinger, "But this is not what you should be interested in, children." And then a little Weltschmerz and then the old Sturm und Drang—a Sturm to the nose followed up with a Drang to the chin—the old one-two. So, as you may gather, this opus is the kind of love child that might result from an Atlantic City week-end party with the American Mercury and

True Stories occupying adjoining rooms. So much for literature!

Now for facts. This Dixie Dugan person is a hot little night club dancer who got into a jam where one of those not so tired business men was stabbed in the giblets by a sun-kissed tango dancer from the coffee belt. Then she went into vaudeville and was kidnapped and that's just where the handsome speaker fell in soft, thanks to his native intelligence and that special Providence which watches over drunkards, children and newspaper men. And you have to keep it under your hat because it is one of those big office secrets. But we have so many of them, I can afford to be a little lavish with this one.

This Dixie baby was doing a vaudeville turn over at Newark and she walks out to the alley to puff a cigarette. She couldn't smoke on the stage because the fireman was either too old or too young, and she is standing out there in the alley just ready to go on, when up comes one of those long black cars we newspaper men are so fond of, and who should step out of it but Alvarez Romano, the old knife tosser from Firpo's fatherland. And who should be just behind him in a taxi but little Jimmy, the boss having sent him over to get some dope for Installment Number 12 for "Ten Thousand Sweet Legs."

Well the Spick and the little dame had a pow pow which I couldn't hear and she steps in the car presumably to finish up her smoke or her talky-talky and bingo! the car goes right away from there like

one long black bat out of hell and Jimmy, that's me, says ah ha! this ain't regular, but maybe there's a story in it or maybe it's just a nice ride but anyway I'm on the expense account, so what of it? And I tells Jessie James up on the front seat to whip up which he does. Well, that Spanish caballero sure switched a mean tail light through the Newark traffic and it seems we were always one corner and a half behind 'em, but we dashed right after 'em and then he starts to turn a corner which ain't there and it seems a truck had the same illusion and they both went socko! We pulled up just in time behind 'em to hear the swellest assortment of curses and breaking glass you ever listened to and what with the truck driver yelling curses in very bad Italian and this Spick responding with swell Spanish comebacks and little Dixie jumping up and down on the side walk, it was hotsy totsy, and up and up! Well Dixie sees me and I see Dixie and while the wop is looking for a club and Romano is looking for a knife, I takes Dixie in the cab with me and we go right away from there just two jumps away from the cops who begin to hover around the scene like country mechanics over a dead Ford and after we are some distance away Dixie tells me this Spanish influenza guy invited her into the car to finish her smoke and then kicked the gas right in the nose and told her he would do the same to her if she started to make any screams with her pretty face, that he had his plans made to take her with him out of the country and they could be married or else.

I told her I didn't blame him a bit. In fact, I was indebted to him for an idea and she says what do you mean? And I says this kidnapping. It's a great hunch, only instead of Alvarez kidnapping you, I'm going to do it and she says over my dead body and I says that isn't necessary. So then I tell her my scheme. I'll take her into New York and hide her in a swell apartment and the paper will pay all her expenses while she stays kidnapped and meanwhile the paper advertises extensively and offers fabulous rewards to anyone who can find her and my job would be to see they don't. Meanwhile, this would keep up the interest in her daily story, even more than my swell writing, if possible. And then we can cook up any kind of a yarn about how she was kidnapped by bootleggers, or high jackers or the Fascisti or the Ku Klux or the Shuberts. It won't make any difference which, because the dear public will promptly forget all about it as soon as we start something else. The public is the loveliest gift God ever gave a newspaper—it can always be depended upon to get excited one day and forget what it's all about the next. This breeds circulation and democracy, one and inseparable.

Well anyway, Dixie falls hard for the idea. She's a good scout and besides she could see all the publicity in it and the chance to have a lot of fun and be paid for it, and getting mixed up like this with the insides of a newspaper story struck her as plumb romantic. I bet new medical students feel that way about their first gall stones. Ah well, what is life

without romance? Woe is me! that I can no longer capture that first fine, careless rapture! Maybe that's from Swinburne.

So as I write these few, vague, general and inadequate words to you, I and my paper have succeeded in kidnapping our star writer and from all over the country telegrams are coming in saying where they think she is. And yet if she were to lean out the window and let down her hair Rapunzel, it wouldn't reach to the sill. There's a big thought in this which you out there in Hollywood surrounded by master minds, can't miss.

More anon!

JIMMY.

July 17th.

DEAR SIS:

Well Nita, this letter is being smuggled out to you only to keep you and the folks from worrying. I am all right and living the life of Riley, right here in New York while a nation-wide search is being pushed by the paper which is paying my kidnapping expenses. I know this sounds ginny but there is nothing stronger than aspirin on the baby's breath. I cannot tell you any more except that I am well and happy and you are not to get excited or spill anything about this to anyone but the folks, and you are to tell them as little as possible to keep them from worrying which they may or may not do.

Well Sis, you should see Jimmy. Well what about Jimmy says you. Ah, that's what I'm trying to find out. But he sure is sweet and has lots of It. Besides that he is my ghost. That means he writes the stuff for the Evening Tab that I write only I get paid for it. And more besides, he is my jailor. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. . . . And that's not from one of Denny's mottoes either. One of Jimmy's first jobs as my abductor was to buy me some clothes as I was kidnapped with my stage costume. You should see what he bought me. What fun! Maybe if Jimmy and the paper will stand it, we can have a party up here in my solitary cell consisting of two rooms and a bath overlooking the Park. You know I've ridden many a taxi through this park and this is the first time I ever saw how it looked. Why the darn thing has trees in it with leaves on 'em just like that tree in the Student Prince. I always thought Shuberts faked it.

Have you heard anything from Denny? I wish I could write to him, but I have my literary career to consider. I bet I'll be famous if I can just stay hid long enough. One of the kicks I get out of life is getting the papers every day and reading how lost I am. You certainly have to read the papers to find out what's going on in the world.

Your loving sister,
DIXIE.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY*We Never Sleep!*

12 EXCHANGE PL.

NEW YORK CITY.

July 17th.

TO: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,

67 WALL ST.

NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT: *Confidential Report.*

Nothing new to report. Operators 411 and Special Theatrical Operator working busily on clues.

We are enclosing bill for \$1800, for services and expenses to date and would appreciate check.

CARMODY.

HERMITAGE HOTEL,**TIMES SQUARE,****NEW YORK.**

July 18th.

MR. AL EVANS,**GLEASON & COMPANY,****MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.****DEAR AL:**

This is getting more and more delirious and now I don't know where I am but I'll tell you what happened up to now so you can see what I mean.

After I had that talk with Milton, I thought it over and it dawned on me that he was playing me for a sucker that he probably had Dixie hidden

somewhere and all this talk of detectives being hired and his suspecting this Romano being mixed up in it, was a lot of bologny to cover himself. The more I thought of it, the madder I got. And yesterday I went down to his office and told him pretty. I says where do you get that stuff I says. And he says what stuff? And I says you know what stuff. If you think you can play me for a sucker, you're crazy and he says who's playing you for a sucker? And I says you are. And he says is that so? And I says yes that's so. And I know you've got a lot of money and you think you can get away with murder but I'm going to find out just where you've got Dixie hidden and I says all that talk about this Argentine being mixed up in it is a lot of hooey too, and he says you're crazy and I says not that crazy, and then he shows me a report on his desk from the Open Eye Detective Agency saying they were still looking for clues and he says you see they're trying to find her and the Spaniard and they haven't located either one. But they'll get them. These private detectives are smart and I says any good stenographer can write a letter like that. You don't expect me to swallow that, do you? And I started to tell him again where he got off and then who do you suppose comes bursting into the office? A tall, dark skinny bird sputtering broken English. Milton sees him and starts to duck under the desk and this guy who is nobody else than Romano which the detectives can't find, starts over the desk after him. And boy! I never felt so neutral in all my life.

Well, finally the rumpus settled down so they could hear each other talk and what do you suppose comes out? This Spaniard guy says he had Dixie in a car and he had an accident and when he looks around Dixie's gone, kidnapped from him. He says he didn't expect anything like that but he's sure he knows who did it and that guy is nobody else but Milton. Milton keeps saying he doesn't know anything about it, and he keeps saying it so hard and so fast that Romano begins to believe him.

And just then a boy comes in with a note for Milton and Milton says wait a minute, maybe this is news. And he opens the note and it is from the Open Eye Detective Agency and he reads "Shadow still following Spanish subject. Have no clues and sending bill herewith. Carmody." And then Milton gets mad and begins to do some of the swellest swearing I ever heard and then he pulls out the drawer of the desk and produces a bottle and three glases and we all have a drink and talk it over and it seems all three of us are trying to find Dixie and now it looks as if there must be a fourth guy that's stolen her.

Boy! I never saw anybody disappear like that girl. She's just like one of those Irish fairies we used to read about when we were kids—lepracauns I think they called them. They're hard to get and you got to watch 'em all the time because the minute you take your eye off them they disappear.

And all the time we were talking, I kept looking at that fool motto over Milton's desk—"Cheer up.

Remember Today Is The Tomorrow You Worried
About Yesterday. Whoopie!"

DENNY.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY

We Never Sleep!

12 EXCHANGE PL.

NEW YORK CITY.

July 19th.

TO: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,
67 WALL ST.,
NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT:—*Confidential Report*

Operators 411 and Special Theatrical Operator
are diligently pursuing clues. Think we have discovered
new lead. No trace yet of Spanish subject but
shadows are busy. Could we have check?

CARMODY.

SCENE: *In the office of George Carmody of The
Open Eye Detective Agency.*

TIME: *Several days later.*

SECRETARY (*on phone*): Well, what does he want
to see him about? . . . Mr. Carmody never sees
anyone without an appointment . . . who? . . .
(*Covers transmitter with hand.*) Mr. Carmody, it's

a reporter from the Evening Tab. He says he must see you right away. It's very important.

CARMODY: Don't you know I *always* see reporters? What's the idea? Send him in.

SECRETARY: All right. Tell Mr. Doyle, Mr. Carmody will see him. (*Jimmy enters. There is the usual exchange of greetings and then:*)

CARMODY: Well, what can I do for a representative of the press?

JIMMY: It's like this. We got it you're working on this Dixie Dugan disappearance.

CARMODY: I couldn't say yes or no to that. We have so many cases that we are working on here.

JIMMY: Well, as you know we're pretty interested in this case, the paper I mean, and I wanted to have a little heart-to-heart talk with you. You'd like to find her, wouldn't you?

CARMODY: Sure, but we'll find her. We never sleep.

JIMMY: Well if we found her before you did, there wouldn't be much glory in it for you, would there?

CARMODY: My boy, we'll find her. Quick as anybody. Quicker maybe. I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, understand, I have three of our best men working on this night and day. (*Impressively.*) Night and day, mind you! (*With a pontifical gesture.*) We never sleep!

JIMMY: I heard you the first time. Listen, I've been handling this Dixie Dugan stuff for the Evening Tab since it broke. I'm writing her life's story too

and I'm in a position to give you all the breaks, pictures, publicity, anything you want, provided you play ball. Is that clear?

CARMODY (*eagerly*): Now you're talking. What do I do, pitch or catch?

JIMMY: Well, give me some facts first. Who's putting up the dough for these three sleepless wanderers of yours?

CARMODY: Jack Milton, the broker. He's gone plumb nuts about this little wren.

JIMMY: And you'd just as soon have him keep on putting up, wouldn't you, just so long as he finds her?

CARMODY: Well, that's rather a crude way of putting it but I can't find any flaws in it.

JIMMY: All right. Then here's the racket. In the first place, I know where Dixie is.

CARMODY (*genuinely surprised*): Thahellyasay! How do you know that?

JIMMY: Because I put her there.

CARMODY: You mean you kidnapped her?

JIMMY: Sure. And I want her to stay kidnapped until I get ready to spring her and I want to spring her my own way. And I don't want any of your flat-footed sleep walkers wandering in on this accidentally. In other words, you come in on the party and I'll tell you where she is and if I move her, I'll keep you posted. Meanwhile, you can send all the reports you like to Milton—good ones—I'll help you write 'em. I'll put some literary invention in 'em. Instead of the usual dumb "Shadow Follows Subject," we'll just have that a part of the time and

the rest of the time we'll have "Subject Follows Shadow." That'll be an innovation.

CARMODY: But where do I come in?

JIMMY: Well, when we get ready to spring her, you're going to find her, with my help and then you get yours from Milton and the paper plays you up all over the first page with close-ups of your eagle eyes and your rubber heels and everything. Why, you'll be famous over night. What say?

CARMODY: That's K.O. with me.

JIMMY: All right. Now the first thing we'll do is call in those three shadows—they're probably in that speak-easy around the corner—and I'll take 'em up to Dixie's apartment and we'll introduce the shadows to the subject and maybe throw a party—we could write some reports for Milton between drinks.

CARMODY: Say, that's all right about the girl, but what about this Argentine? We're following him too, for Milton.

JIMMY: Don't you know where he is?

CARMODY (*defensively*): Well, we've got clues.

JIMMY: That's bad. Now if you just had something important. Why the devil didn't I kidnap him too while I was at it? It would be just like him to stumble in on this and bust it all up.

TELEPHONE: Br . . . r.r.r.r.ng!

CARMODY: Yes . . . hello . . . this is Carmody . . . what? . . . well hold him there! . . . what . . . what . . . no . . . yes . . . no . . . don't tell me that . . . Oh my God! . . . (*Hangs up.*)

JIMMY: What is it?

CARMODY: Milton's office . . . the Argentine just left there . . . Milton told him about my having him shadowed and he went out with blood in his eye . . . said he'd kill 'em . . . my best detectives too. . . . (*Sadly.*) My God, I bet he finds them.

JIMMY: Aw, you can get some more detectives.

CARMODY: Yeh, but these boys are away overdrawn on salary and expenses. It'd just be my luck to have 'em bumped off owing me a lot of money.

JIMMY: I got it! Why don't you keep 'em right on the case? In that way they'll never find him—or he them, either.

CARMODY: Not a bad idea!

ONE HOUR LATER.

TELEPHONE: Br . . . r.r.r.r.ng!

CARMODY: Hello, who is it?

VOICE: This is Jimmy Doyle. What the hell do you mean by double-crossing me?

CARMODY: What are you talking about?

VOICE: Dixie. Where did those flat-footed sleepwalkers of yours take her?

CARMODY: Why nowhere! They're right here in the office now. They ain't been out all day.

VOICE: Oh my God! Then where is she?

CARMODY: Where is who?

VOICE: Dixie Dugan, of course.

CARMODY: Well, how should I know? (*Struggling for something to say.*) Isn't she there?

VOICE: Hell no! She's gone. Vanished! Not a trace!

CARMODY (*wailing*): Now we got to go and hunt for her all over again!

VII

HERMITAGE HOTEL,
WEST 42ND ST.
July 26th.

MR. AL EVANS,
GLEASON & COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR AL:

Well, I'm coming back to work Al—back to the old grind. Everything is going to be hotsy totsyt now, as they say down here in New York. All this sweating and fretting about women is over. They can all go to. They're all alike Al. Don't believe any of 'em.

It's just like the other night I was to one of those night clubs trying to forget my troubles with a blonde who was trying to wish hers on me instead. And after I spent enough to take the mortgage off the old farm, we started for the door and the orchestra plays "Just Another Day Wasted Away."

Well, it's like that with women Al. Every day you're with them, it's just another day wasted away. You can tell the Old Man I'm coming back and spread greeting cards and mottoes all over the state of Indiana. I'm going to strew 'em Al. No one will escape. All this energy I've wasted on Dixie is going to be turned into channels that are worthier and full of purpose.

I guess you gather from this that I'm off Dixie. Well, I am. But first, where do you suppose I found her, with detectives and newspapers and what not hunting for her all over America. I goes over to her house one evening and there she is sitting in the front room reading about herself being lost. Well, I says, I thought you was lost. Didn't you know I was down here looking for you and she says you and who else? The whole world has been looking for me. At least if not the World, the Evening Tab—newspaper joke. Heh! heh!—and then she tells me the whole story how she was kidnapped by this dancing spick, Alvarez Romano and later by Jimmy Doyle who writes her stuff for the Evening Tab and the Evening Tab kept her hid while they pretended to be hunting for her so as to make a big story. Finally she got tired of staying hid so she went home—the last place that a detective would think of looking.

So I says now that you had your fling, I suppose you're ready to settle down now and marry a good man and she says what's this, a nominating speech? Name him and don't keep me in suspense like this. But I says I don't have to name him. You're looking at him. What do you say we get married and get a little apartment in Chicago and I'll come home to you every Saturday night after my week on the road selling mottoes and greeting cards in Indiana. And she says I can depend upon you coming home Saturday night, can I? You wouldn't fool a dumb girl and sneak in on Friday? And I says no kidding now

Dixie, I'm crazy about you and you know it and if you don't marry me, I'll—I don't know what I'll do and she says you can sublimate it. That's being done now and besides I don't want to marry you or anybody else, says she. I'm young and full of the devil and want to stay that way for a while. And then she says she doesn't want to get married and doesn't want to have children crawling around the floor because when she comes home late some night she might step on them and hurt them and then she'd never forgive herself. Or they might start staying out late nights or come home snozzled and she'd worry herself sick about them. And I says to her stop fooling now Dixie. What is your real reason for not marrying me? And she says do you want me to get personal? And I says go as far as you like and she says well you're a dear, sweet boy but you're no career, and that's what I want. I'm going back on the stage in a new show and I've got one of the principal parts and years from now when I am fat and famous and retired and a little slow on my feet and you want to renew this proposition, I'll consider it among my other proposals in rotation as received. Meanwhile, Indiana is calling for you and you'll be of much more value to the nation and yourself on the banks of the Wabash far away. Go back to Indiana says she and sell millions of greeting cards, and scatter sunshine through the land, says she, and forget little Hard-Hearted Hannah who loves you too much to smear your life by leading you into an ambush from

which you're bound to wake up dizzy some morning with your ears full of rice.

Well Al, this sort of talk went on I guess until one or two o'clock in the morning with me sounding her out like this and finally I got it Al. This show she's going into is being financed by this broker and he's promised to make her a star. I couldn't compete with that kind of money and I told her I was going to go back home and forget I had ever met her. Do you know what she says? She says I bet you can't. Well, I'll fool her Al. The world is full of women. What is it Kipling says?

*A woman is only a woman
But a good cigar is a smoke.*

I bet that would make a good motto Al. Think of the thousands of men who would like to hang that up on the wall and look at it every day and agree.

And by the way Al, after I got home last night I wrote a little motto which I think would be a big seller.

*I think of you through all my nights
I think of you through all my days,
Wherever I go
I see the glow
Of your sweet and lovely ways.
But every day I think of you
I to myself do say
Another day thinking of you, of you,
Is another day wasted away.*

That would look nice illustrated Al, with a border of forget-me-nots and maybe a fellow standing on a hill looking out across moonlit water as if he were looking and looking. Try it out on the Creative Department anyway Al. Not that I expect much results because they think they know everything and yet they sit up there out of touch with the world, pulling ideas out of their hats and us salesmen who are out in the world, in touch with life all the time keep sending them ideas which they throw in the waste basket.

I want to tell you Al, one of these days I'm going to throw a bombshell into this organization. I'm going to tell the Old Man just what I think of it and show him our line is losing all its vitality because of the antics of the Creative Department.

Well Al, have the old grips packed and be sure I get a complete line this time. I don't want to go out on the road and find numbers missing and then be bawled out for not sending in orders for numbers I haven't got.

I'll be in the Chicago office Monday ready to hit the ball as in the good old days before I ever met this woman who has blighted my life. There's a swell new song down here that states the case. It's from "Allez Oop" and it says "Pull Yourself Together and Smile." It goes something like this—

Pull yourself together and smile

Troubles will pass you by

Life is like a beautiful isle.

Under a changing sky.

And then something or other and finishes up

*Pull yourself together and smile
And watch the clouds go by.*

That's me Al. S'long.

DENNY.

439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
July 18th.

SUNSHINE DEAR:

I haven't written to you for ages and I've a lot of alibis, some of which are true. I suppose I could start off and tell you some little ones and gradually lead up to some whoppers and you'd be so astonished, you'd forgive me. But truth is stranger than fiction, as Denny would say, only he'd try to make a motto out of it.

Speaking of Denny, he's gone back to Indiana after laying down the law to me saying either I marry him or go to hell. I pointed out to him I might do both but I preferred to take them separately. He is convinced that it's all off with me anyway and that I'm too full of spirits, drugstore and otherwise, and he went away saying his heart was broken. The fact is I'm real fond of Denny and guess I'd even marry him if I had nothing else to do.

Some day I'll get married and raise a lot of marvellous children, but right now I'm for helping the City Fathers keep down the traffic. Why should I

help crowd the subways? You can't get into them now. I was reading only the other day that they can't build schools fast enough to take care of the children. I'd feel terrible if I went to all that trouble only to find my children had to stand out in the rain to do their lessons.

Meanwhile, my little brain—which is one name for it—is all a-twitter and a-twirl. His name is Jimmy Doyle and he has me going around like a top. Did I tell you about him before? Maybe not. There are so many men in my life. Applause! Well anyway, he is a special writer on *The Evening Tab* and he's been doing my life story and meanwhile trying to add a few chapters of his own. He's as cute as a little red wagon and writes beautiful and I think he's hot dog. And he's written a musical comedy with a swell part for me and he says I'm going to be a star, so all I need now is to have all the critics and the public agree and that will make it unanimous.

I can just hear you say that's a lot of bologny, but don't be so sure because we've not only got a star and the author but we've got an angel. Yes sir, little Dixie has grabbed herself an angel. Or rather, he has attached himself to Dixie and he's getting a producer and going to put up the jack for this show. I suppose you've guessed who it is. Jack Milton, the beautiful broker who threw that party for me and got stabbed in the back by Romano for his pains. All he says he wants me to do is to think sweetly of him and make good. I think he knows that I know

what I think he means but if he thinks I'm selling out for a speaking part, he's due for a long buggy ride. As for the show he's going to put on, we haven't named it yet but it's all about me starting poor and winding up rich. There are all kinds of places in it where I can act all over the lot besides hoofing hot and hooting musically.

Alvarez Romano, my red hot Tamale has been playing dead for some time now. So I suspect he is up to some new devilment and will probably break into the picture and try to smear things just when I am sitting pretty. Well, he's an exciting devil. I wish Denny had some of his S. A. Denny is just too sweet and orderly to be thrilling. Now with Jimmy, you never know where you are and with Alvarez, you never know where he is. What I wish I could do is merge the three of them with Jack's money and marry the syndicate. I'd go shopping with Jack, stay home with Jimmy, tell my troubles to Denny and spend the week ends with Alvarez.

Love and kisses.

DIXIE.

67 WALL ST., N.Y.
August 1st.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE,
% EVENING TAB,
NEW YORK CITY.
DEAR MR. DOYLE:

I have finished reading the manuscript of your musical comedy "The Girl from Woolworth's" and I

have sent it to my friends, the producers Kibbitzer & Eppus with suggestions for changes which I think will improve it. I don't propose to know anything about the show business but I know what I like and if they approve of the script with my changes, you will probably hear from them within a few days.

Yours very truly,

JOHN MILTON.

KIBBITZER & EPPUS
1000 BROADWAY
N.Y.C.

August 4.

MR. J. J. DOYLE,
% EVENING TAB,
NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

Will it be convenient for you to come in and see the writer 11 o'clock tomorrow morning?

MOE EPPUS.

August 5—11 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus is out of town but leaves word for Mr. Doyle to come in and see him tomorrow at 11 o'clock.

August 6th—11 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus was called out suddenly but will Mr. Doyle come back to see him at 3 o'clock this afternoon?

Same day. 3 o'clock.

Mr. Eppus is tied up in conference but will Mr. Doyle come back next Monday?

Next Monday.

Mr. Doyle catches Mr. Eppus going out. Mr. Eppus makes an appointment for Thursday afternoon.

Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Eppus suggests Mr. Doyle see Mr. Kibbitzer next Monday.

Next Monday.

Mr. Kibbitzer sends out word he never heard of Mr. Doyle. Will Mr. Doyle write him a letter telling him what it's all about?

Mr. Doyle writes a letter to Kibbitzer and Eppus telling them what it's all about.

The Following Day.

No answer.

One Week Later.

No answer.

Mr. Doyle telephones Kibbitzer & Eppus. Both out of town.

August 27.

MR. JOHN MILTON,
67 WALL ST.,
NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. MILTON:

I have received a letter from Kibbitzer & Eppus asking me to come in to see them.

I have tried to see them for weeks now with no result. What shall I do?

Yours truly,
JIMMY DOYLE.

August 29.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE,
% EVENING TAB,
NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

I have been talking with Mr. Eppus on the telephone and he says they wrote to you but you never came in to see them.

Feels if you are not more interested than that, they are not interested in producing your play.

Kindly go in to see them at once, unless as they say, you have lost interest.

Yours truly,
JOHN MILTON.

The Following Day.

Mr. Doyle goes in to see Mr. Eppus. Mr. Eppus is out of town.

The Following Day.

Ditto.

The Following Day.

The same.

The Following Day.

Also.

The Following Day.

Likewise.

Bulletin.

Mr. Eppus sees Mr. Doyle and makes an appointment for tomorrow.

Tomorrow.

Office of Mr. Eppus—of Kibbitzer & Eppus.

MR. EPPUS: I'm glad to see you, Mr. Doyle. Mr. Milton tells me you have written a play.

DOYLE: Why, haven't you read it?

MR. EPPUS: Read what? I haven't any play here of yours. (*To secretary.*) Have we a play here of Mr. Muggins?

DOYLE: Doyle is the name.

MR. EPPUS: I beg your pardon—Mr. Doyle.

SECRETARY: I don't think so. (*Pries gingerly into*

huge mountain of letters, telegrams and manuscripts on Mr. Eppus' desk.)

MR. EPPUS (*rises courteously to assist her. Looks on top layer*): Why no, Mr. er . . . er . . . er . . . er . . .

DOYLE: Doyle is the name.

SECRETARY: What's this? (*Picks up script from chair on which Mr. Eppus has been sitting.*)

MR. EPPUS (*reading title with great surprise*): "The Girl from Woolworth's," by James J. Doyle. (*Laughs heartily.*) Well, to think I've been sitting on it all this time. It must have been there a week. (*Heartily to Doyle.*) Yes sir, at least a week because before that I remember I had one of Sammy Shipman's plays there that he had been looking for for months and it was there all the time. Oh well, that's the way it goes. (*Sitting down, suddenly all business.*) Now what is it Mr. Doyle? What did you come to see me about?

DOYLE (*helplessly*): Why, you sent for me, Mr. Eppus.

MR. EPPUS: I don't remember that. (*To Secretary.*) Did I send for Mr. Doyle?

SECRETARY: I don't believe so.

MR. EPPUS: But now that you're here, we might just as well talk. Mr. Milton tells me you've got a play. Is this it?

DOYLE: Yes.

MR. EPPUS (*riffling through first few pages*): Cost too much money. There isn't any money any

more in shows like this. If I played \$40,000 gross a week for a year, I wouldn't get my bait back. And the road—well I don't have to tell you what the road is like, Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE (*flattered*): I guess it's pretty bad.

MR. EPPUS: It's the movies what did it.

(*15 minutes elapse during which Mr. Eppus tells how the movies did it.*)

DOYLE: Mr. Milton suggested I come in and see you about this show. He said you were interested.

MR. EPPUS: We're always interested in works of new authors. I make it a point to read scripts the moment they come to my desk. I'm going to give this my very earliest attention. (*Stack of manuscripts which has been teetering precariously on desk, falls into waste basket.*) Yes sir, one never knows when a great hit is going to come into your office. Take "Abie's Irish Rose," it went the rounds of the managers for years. And "Broadway" and "The Spider" and "Burlesque." (*Picks up a couple of manuscripts and puts them on chair and sits on them.*) Yes sir, in this business we must keep one eye open all the time. (*Suddenly, briskly.*) I'm glad I met you, Mr. Doyle. Some time when you have something, bring it in and I'll be glad to read it. (*To Secretary.*) Take a letter. Lee Shubert, Shubert Theatre, New York City. It has come to my attention that your office has been making a practice . . . no cross that out . . . it's too damn polite . . . I'd like to know what the hell you mean . . . no, I'd better

not say that either . . . take it again . . . where do you get that stuff . . . that sounds all right . . . Goodbye Mr. Doyle . . . where do you get that stuff trying to . . . now what was I going to write to him about anyway? (*Glances idly at script on desk. Reads.*) "The Girl from Woolworth's." That's a good title. Did you read it?

SECRETARY: Yes, it has some fly stuff in it.

MR. EPPUS: That's the one Milton wants to bankroll, isn't it? Who's the dame?

SECRETARY: He's cracked on a little night club dancer—Dixie Dugan. You know she was mixed up in that stabbing and then went into vaudeville and made a hit before she was kidnapped.

MR. EPPUS: What did Variety say about her?

SECRETARY: Said she was swell. Wondered why Ziggy didn't cop her.

MR. EPPUS: Ziggy waits until somebody else makes 'em, then he cops 'em. I bet if I put her in this show and two critics mentioned her name, the next day Ziggy'll be calling her out of bed before she's read the papers herself. Silly like a serpent, that guy. Have Milton come in and see me tomorrow and send that script to Otto Harbach right away and tell him to call me early tomorrow morning and tell me if he can make English out of it. We've got to get something to follow "Oui Oui Wilhemina." You could have shot a machine gun through that orchestra last night and hit nothing but cut rates.

One Week Later.

KIBBITZER & EPPUS
1000 BROADWAY
N.Y.C.

September 5th.

MISS DIXIE DUGAN,
439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

Will it be convenient for you to come in and see Mr. Eppus tomorrow morning, at 11 o'clock in regard to part in "The Girl From Woolworth's"?

This show is now being cast and rehearsals start in ten days.

Yours very truly,

MINNIE NIVOTCH,

Secretary to Mr. Eppus.

VIII

THEATRE NOTES COLUMN

(Evening Tab—Sept. 17th)

A plaintiff whinny has come in from the Kibbitzer and Epus office anent the alleged scarcity of girls who can sing, dance and switch a mean glutens maximus for the edification and solace of the wearied gentlemen of commerce.

Girls with the above qualifications are asked to report on the stage of the Alhambra Theatre at eleven o'clock tomorrow as rehearsals are now under way for "The Girl From Woolworth's." This is a new opus by a new race in the theatre, if one may be allowed to use this locution. His name is Jimmy Doyle of the EVENING TAB staff. He has writ-

ten the book and the lyrics.

Among the featured players appears the name of Dixie Dugan who will be recalled as the little night club dancer from the Jollity who became involved in a stabbing fray which grew out of a party in the bachelor apartments of Jack Milton, the wealthy broker. Although several investigations were conducted it seems the only answer the police could get from those present was that they were waiting for a street car.

It is rumored "The Girl From Woolworth's" opens in Atlantic City for a week and then comes into the Globe.

MUNCIE, INDIANA.

September 18.

DIXIE DARLING:

I see in the papers you are going into a new show so I suppose your career is going along all right and you have forgotten all about me. It is just as well, I suppose, because I am learning to forget you, as you told me to. I'm all wrapped up in my work now and getting along wonderful. We are making a big drive on box assortments of Christmas cards, 12 assorted in a box with envelopes retailing at 50c.

This is our Ye Glade Tidings seller and a big department store in Terre Haute ordered a thousand which gives you an idea. They're going to have a fellow dressed up as Santa Claus at a counter selling these. And I wrote one of the sentiments myself which I think isn't bad at all. It goes . . .

*Christmas ain't a season
Christmas ain't a day
Christmas ain't a reason
For giving things away.
Christmas ain't a buying
Or selling in the mart
Christmas is a happiness
And you're the biggest part.*

The buyer for O'Connor's Au Petit Coin here in Muncie told me she thinks that's the best sentiment she ever saw. I think she's just a little bit goofy about me, but then you've never been in Muncie so you can't imagine the scarcity of males. Anything that walks upright and combs its hair and is seen in town not more than twice a year can throw the females into a panic.

We have a motto in our line which I was going to send you because it expresses just what I have been thinking since I saw you in New York and you told me you thought more of having a career than you did of me. But then I decided not to send it although I think I'll quote you a few lines just to show you what it is like. It retails \$1.50 with plain mouldings,

40, 40 and 5, 40 and 10 discount. It goes After A
While I May Not Care. No. 4M11.

*After a while I may not care
That the sunlight glimmers in your hair
And the dear delight of summer's skies
Is deep in the depths of your lovely eyes
And after a while it may be true
That my heart won't ache for the sight of you
And I can forget your slow sweet smile
After a while.*

Of course, you've got brown eyes but the idea is just the same. I wish you would write to me if you ever get the time and tell me what you're doing. I don't see why we can't be friends. Though, of course, you don't have to unless you want to. But I never did anything to you that I can remember. You can suit yourself. Still I would like to hear from you. I am sending you my route list for the next two weeks, but if you should lose it you can send your letter to the main office in Minneapolis and they will forward it to me.

Sincerely yours,
DENNY.

September 19th.

SCENE: *Office of Kibbitzer and Eppus.*

(Seated at twin desks are Mr. Kibbitzer and Mr. Eppus. Jimmy Doyle, the trusting young author of

"The Girl from Woolworth's," has been called in to discuss a few changes in the show now in rehearsal.)

KIBBITZER: Mr. Eppus and I have been talking over your script, Mr. Doyle, and we think it's all right.

DOYLE (*beaming*): Gee, I'm glad to hear that.

KIBBITZER: Don't we Mr. Eppus?

EPPUS: Absolutely.

KIBBITZER: But we think it ought to be changed a little bit. I don't suppose you'd mind just a few changes?

DOYLE: Well, it's been thought out pretty carefully, Mr. Kibbitzer, and of course I'd be glad to do anything that's necessary, but don't you think . . .

EPPUS (*showing his fangs for just a flash*): Of course we think. What do you think we do in this show business? Guess? Let me tell you . . .

KIBBITZER (*soothingly*): It's like this, Mr. Doyle. Mr. Eppus and I have been talking over your script and we think the title's wrong. "The Girl from Woolworth's" is well, kinda cheap. This is going to be a swell production with the orchestra scaled at five fifty and at least two big sets and swell costumes. And how are we going to make Woolworth's look five fifty from the front? So, we thought we'd change it to "The Girl from Tiffany's."

DOYLE (*aghast*): But that changes the whole idea. I have to rewrite the whole thing.

KIBBITZER: Oh, no. You might have to change

two or three scenes in the first act and change the characters around a bit. We have to throw the boarding house out anyway. We thought that scene could be played on the deck of a steamer going to Europe. (*To Eppus.*) Remember that set from the first act of "Ah, There, Paris" that closed in Newark last fall? We can get that for a song and re-paint it and there you are for one of your big sets.

DOYLE: But, my God, man the boarding house is where all the heart interest is. We got to show this girl how poor she is and where she came from and all the friends she has.

EPPUS: Can't she have friends on a liner? She can have more friends on a liner than in a boarding house. And they'd be sweller, too. And a boat gives us a chance to use a sailor chorus with a moonlight effect. And we can use those two ripple machines for the water. Have you any idea how much those ripple machines cost? And, besides, who the hell wants to pay five fifty and look at a cheap boarding house for half the night?

KIBBITZER: You see, you've got to be practical about the show business. It's all very well for you smart fellows to write a show, but we're the poor fellows who have to put it on.

DOYLE (*bitterly*): I suppose if you got "Romeo and Juliet" you wouldn't produce it unless you could buy a balcony cheap.

EPPUS: "Romeo and Juliet"? Pfui! I seen that once. There wasn't a hundred dollars in the house.

KIBBITZER: That kind of play don't make money. You got to stick to things people understand.

DOYLE: I suppose Woolworth's and a boarding house is too deep?

KIBBITZER: That ain't the idea. You got to give them flash, so when there's nothing going on even and the jokes are bum and the singing is rotten they've still got something to look at.

DOYLE: Any other little changes?

EPPUS: Well, you got to get a first act finale. You got it all wrong. The girl is happy and having a good time. Why if we opened in New York with that kind of a first act finale the Cain's Warehouse man would be backstage measuring up the scenery. No sir, you got to have her crying, see? Her heart's broken. That's the secret of successful musical shows knowing just when to break the little girlie's heart. Yes sir, she's crying. The young buyer has gone off to France thinking she has stolen the necklace.

DOYLE: What young buyer? I never heard of him before?

EPPUS: Well, he's in. What the hell do you think we got Bobbie Watson for?

DOYLE: I don't know. I didn't know you hired him.

KIBBITZER: Well, we didn't exactly hire him. We got him in a trade for one third interest in "The Mad Honeymoon" and the vitaphone rights to the subway scene in "The Yes Girl." Besides, he's a swell

light comedian and you haven't got a light comedian part in the book.

DOYLE: And may I ask where you got the necklace? Or is that any of my business?

EPPUS: Oh, we put it in. You've always got to have a necklace. But we've got a real novelty this time. For years they've had nothing but pearl necklaces, but Kibbitzer and I talked it over and I got the idea of the diamond-necklace.

KIBBITZER: *You got it?*

EPPUS (*defensively*): Well, we got it together. Anyway, the girl's crying and just when their hearts are breaking out front forty or fifty young débutantes run in singing "Let's Be Happy," the hit song, and the curtain comes down on her dancing and laughing through her tears. That'll wow 'em.

DOYLE: Say, what show are you talking about? I never wrote any song "Let's Be Happy." I thought I was writing the lyrics for this show.

KIBBITZER: Well, we got two or three songs we're putting in. You're going to like them. Gee, they're swell. (*Sings to Eppus.*)

*Oh, let's be happy
Each girl and chappie
Let's be happy now*

How does the rest of that go?

EPPUS (*singing a bit off key*):

Behind the cloud so gray

KIBBITZER (*joining in*):

*Little Mister Sun is chasing
All the blue away.*

DOYLE (*almost tearfully*): But that isn't my song and it doesn't fit in the book. It has nothing to do with the plot.

KIBBITZER (*still singing*):

*So let's be happy
For somewhere for every chappie
There's a little girl like you.*

What did you say?

EPPUS: What do you know about the show business? What shows did you ever produce?

KIBBITZER (*the old oil*): Now, now, we're all agreed. We're not going to have any trouble. Mr. Doyle here is a sensible author. He's not like those crazy authors who scream murder if you change a line. He's got a swell script here and all we've got to do is make a few little changes and everything will work out just swell. By the way, Mr. Doyle, we can buy the Tampico Marimba Band cheap and a couple of the fellows are pretty good actors. Couldn't we write the band in somewhere? I thought somewhere in the second act this boat could stop off at Mexico and the band would be on a hacienda or something. Mexican stuff is always good. Look at "Rio Rita."

EPPUS (*sourly*): Well, this ain't no "Rio Rita."

DOYLE: I guess you're no Ziegfeld either.

KIBBITZER: Ziegfeld is lucky, that's all. For twenty-five years just one break after another. If he went down with the Titanic he'd come up with "Abie's Irish Rose."

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TELEGRAM	
STANDARD TIME	

RE 267 81
 INDIANAPOLIS IND.
 DIXIE DUGAN

SEPT., 19TH 12 NOON

439 FLATBUSH AVE. BKLYN NY
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 DENNY-LINCOLN HOTEL

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SEPT. 19TH 4 P. M.,

LINCOLN HOTEL INDIANAPOLIS IND..
 WHY

DIXIE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES																	
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SE 667 NITE
INDIANAPOLIS IND.
DIXIE DUGAN

SEPT. 19TH 8 P. M.

439 FLATBUSH AVE., BKLYN NY
NEVER MIND.

DENNY

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BKLYN NY

SEPT. 20TH 12 NOON

DENNIS KERRIGAN

LINCOLN HOTEL INDIANAPOLIS IND.
SKILLABOOTCH.

DIXIE

Sept. 21st.

SUNSHINE DARLING:

You're sure lucky to be all set hoofing in the Scandals with nothing more to worry you than runs in your stockings. They've got me going around down here like a waltzing mouse these days. Jack Milton

tells me he's going to have me starred. He says they have to do what he says because he's putting up most of the sugar, but Eppus says if I get featured I'll be lucky. And Kibbitzer acts as though the first thing they're going to do after they raise the curtain next week in Atlantic City is throw my trunk out in the alley. Kibbitzer isn't carrying any banners for me no way not since he made one of those ah, there little girlie passes at me and I wasn't having any. Just another big brother! Well, that's what a female gets for having Deese, Dem and Doze. Meanwhile they're running my poor Jimmy out of gas. He is getting colly wobbles and pink eye and he screams when you look at him. After rehearsal yesterday he cried all evening into my coffee. You see, he started out with a real cute book for this show, but they've changed it around so much already he can't remember what it used to be. And every day at rehearsal they change it some more. The first change was from "The Girl from Woolworth's" to "The Girl from Tiffany's." Then they changed it to "The Girl from Childs." Then Kibbitzer found a lot of Mexican costumes he could buy cheap so they changed it to "The Girl from the Rio Grande." Now it's been changed again and it's called "Get Your Girl" and it's supposed to be up in the great northwest. Jimmy has re-written all the roles half a dozen times in as many dialects. And already I have been a clerk, a French model, a Mexican senorita and now they've changed me all over again and I'm a cowgirl. Jimmy says if he ever does another musical comedy he

won't write an original book to begin with at all. He'll just copy "The Merry Widow" and sell them that for by the time they get finished rehearsing it will be entirely different. The only trouble with that, Jimmy says, is that a producer like Kibbitzer wouldn't buy "The Merry Widow." He'd be sure to say it wouldn't have a chance.

Oh, I was going to tell you Jimmy wrote me the cutest little song. It goes with a scene that thank heaven is still in where this boy and I have the last word in small apartments. It's just a piano, but it's a trick piece of furniture out of which you can open everything, a bed, a table, a bathtub and the keys are knives and forks and the pedals are golf sticks and there's a little ice box with one slice of bread and one egg. And we're supposed to be happy now that we're out of that cramped hotel room and have a home of our own where we can have a family and where we can entertain buyers from Milwaukee and everything. Here is the song. It's called "In Our Little Two By Four" and the tune is by Con Conrad and it's just darling. Here is the way the first verse goes:

Wide open spaces

Are silly places,

Dear.

Full of home owners

Building-and-loaners,

Queer.

We never knew what a home-loving heart meant

'Till we had lived in a co-op apartment,

*Cuddled together
Sweetly,
Neatly.*

And this is the chorus:

*We've a cat that folds into a kitten
In our little Two by Four;
Our Great Dane collapses to a poodle
Which is quite a charming chore.
We've a duplex first and second mortgage
That we keep behind the door—
We can laugh and well the banker knows it
There's no room in which he could foreclose it
Soon a folding stork will maybe
Bring a disappearing baby
To our cunning little Two by Four.*

But I think the second chorus is even cuter:

*Oh, we keep our telescopic baby
In our little Two by Four
She collapses in her folding cradle
When we open up the door.
She is trained to crawl upon the ceiling
When we have to use the floor.
Of our space she fits in but a fraction—
All her little joints are double-action.
Raised on milk condensed in cans, so
She will always fit our plans, so
We are happy in our Two by Four.*

And right here I would like to rise in my large white cravat and tell you Jimmy is just what the doctor ordered to be taken after each meal. Most of the time he pays no attention to me and believe it or not I get more kick out of that than being pawed by a lot of these catch-as-catch-can taxi wrestlers. But when he does pay attention to me like last night when he took me out to dinner after rehearsal and told me all his troubles, well, you see he's got a low soft voice and he never quite finishes his sentences. Just kind of leaves them up in the air and looks at you—and ooh, sotch a geese flesh. And just when you think he's kind of falling for you he starts talking about something else as though you were a million miles away. Well, I tell you he just has me looping the loop. He doesn't even get jealous. Can you feature that? I guess I gotta learn a new technique to get Jimmy, 'cause I do so want him. I do so. Positivel.

I think I'll hurry to bed so I can dream about him some more.

DIXIE.

IX

NOTICE

All members of the company of "Get Your Girl" will leave at 2:30 p. m. Sunday from the Penn Station for Atlantic City. Full Dress Rehearsal Sunday night. Curtain 8:30.

Atlantic City Daily Star
(Sept. 28.)

"GET YOUR GIRL" IS HOT, SAYS EPPUS

Tomorrow evening at the Apollo Theatre, Kibbitzer and Oppus will present the première of their latest and greatest musical comedy, "Get Your Girl."

Dixie Dugan, the night club dancer who recently had the jury weeping in a thrilling Broadway murder trial, is being featured in this elaborate extravaganza from the pen of clever Jimmy Doyle, N. Y. Evening Tab scribe, with music, tra la, by Con Conrad, dances, hey hey, by Sammy Lee and scenic effects, and how, by Herman Rosse. Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn have contributed interpolated numbers to this brilliant orgy of song, dance and splendor which Mr.

Ippus, in an interview early this afternoon, claimed will be the most stupendous attraction to open in Atlantic City since the "Follies."

Mr. Eppus believes he has discovered a new American Prima Dona in the pretty person of Dixie Dugan and entertains high hopes for the new songbird's future.

It is the initial venture into musical comedy for the young journalist, Jimmy Doyle, but Mr. Eppus insisted it is most certainly the work of a seasoned veteran who thoroughly understands the many ins as well as the many outs of superior musical comedy production.

Dixie Dugan is to be capably

supported by an enormous and high salaried cast of exceptionally talented artists which, asserted Mr. Eppus, would run high up into the hundreds if the time were taken to count them. But the management has

been too busy with a million and one more important tasks in preparing "Get Your Girl" for its gala opening performance tomorrow evening at the Apollo Theatre.

DRESS REHEARSAL

SCENE: *Apollo Theatre, Boardwalk, Atlantic City.*

(It is eighty-thirty p.m. and the stage is full of electricians, carpenters, property men, scenery, props and advisors. Every member of the company was individually notified that he, she or it, as the case might be, could not and must not bring any one to the rehearsal, positively and absolutely. In consequence there is no one sitting out in front except each girl's mother, her girl friend, her boy friend, her girl friend's boy friend and her girl friend's boy friend's uncle from Des Moines. Also there are performers from the night clubs who don't go on until midnight; representatives from the music publisher who is stuck for the orchestrations unless there is a hit; scouts from the ticket agencies; performers week-ending in Atlantic City full of good wishes and conflicting advice; and lost somewhere in this shuffle, the author, the composers, the scenic designer, the book director, the dance director, three backers and the producers, Kibbitzer and Eppus. We're off.)

KIBBITZER (*yelling from first row*): HEY! YOU UP THERE ON THE STAGE. HEY THERE! MIKE!

JOE! JUMPING JUDAS WHERE IS THAT STAGE MANAGER? JOE!

VOICES (*taking it up*): JOE! . . . OH, JOE . . . WHERE'S JOE? HEY PETE, SEEN JOE?

KIBBITZER: Well get Mike for me.

MIKE (*assistant stage manager*): Yes, Mr. Kibbitzer?

KIBBITZER: What's the matter up there? Why aren't you set and ready?

MIKE: We're doing the best we can, Mr. Kibbitzer. We've been trying to fix that pink baby spot.

EPPUS: To hell with the pink baby spot. Get that stage clear. Set the opening and let's start. We'll be here all night.

JOE (*stage manager*): Somebody looking for me?

KIBBITZER: Now look here, Joe. Stand by there so we'll have you when we need you. Are the girls ready for the opening?

JOE: The girls are all ready, but the costumes haven't come yet.

EPPUS: Well where the devil are they? Go and find out who's taking care of that.

KIBBITZER: Come back here. Get the stage clear and we'll do the opening without costumes. Call all the girls on the stage.

JOE (*shouting off stage*): EVERYBODY ON STAGE FOR THE OPENING NUMBER. COME AS YOU ARE.

VOICES: OPENING NUMBER . . . EVERYBODY ON THE STAGE . . . ON THE STAGE . . . OPENING NUMBER . . . COME AS YOU ARE . . . HURRY UP.

(*Crowd of pretty young things in kimonos, bath robes, bathing suits and pink underwear struggle through mob of carpenters, electricians and property men.*)

KIBBITZER: Come on, come on. We'll be here all night. Hurry up. Line up in your positions . . . who's missing?

EPPUS: That isn't all the girls. Where's the rest of them?

JOE: Well, some of them haven't shown up yet. They missed the train.

LITTLE BLONDE (*stepping forward*): Lorraine called up, Mr. Kibbitzer, and said she would be on the next train. She was awfully sorry.

EPPUS: She'll be a damn sight sorrier when she gets here. Who's next to you over there? . . . (*no answer*) . . . You with the black hair!

FIFTEEN VOICES: Yes sir?

EPPUS: Hey, you over there. You. What's your name? Joe! Who the devil's missing over there?

JOE: That's Irene's place, Mr. Eppus. She's lying down.

EPPUS: The hell you say. Looks to me like you're all lying down tonight. I suppose we better let everybody sit down and take it easy until she's had a rest. What the devil do you think we're paying a thousand dollars an hour here for?

JOE: Yes sir.

KIBBITZER: Stop that hammering back there!

STAGE CARPENTER (*advancing slowly and menacingly*): What did you say?

JOE: Mr. Kibbitzer wants you to stop that hammering.

STAGE CARPENTER: Yeh, and who is Mr. Kibbitzer?

JOE: Why he's the owner of this show.

STAGE CARPENTER: Yeh, well he don't own much. Of all the cheap lousy building I ever saw. Every time you touch a flat it falls apart.

JOE: Well stop that hammering.

KIBBITZER: Hurry up and get your work done and get off the stage. We'll be here all night.

STAGE CARPENTER (*peering over footlights to locate direction of voice*): And who are you?

KIBBITZER: I'm Mr. Kibbitzer.

STAGE CARPENTER: Listen, big boy, if you think you can do this job any better than I can come up here and do it.

EPPUS: You're through. Get your money.

STAGE CARPENTER: Boys, did you hear that? We're through. Come on. (*All work stops like magic as entire crew starts to walk out.*)

JOE: Hey! Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

KIBBITZER: Hey, my God, you can't do that. Stop them, Joe.

(*Joe patches it up after half an hour's parley, during which entire cast stands around in full make-up waiting patiently.*)

KIBBITZER (*running up and down the aisle*): Can't we be doing something?

EPPUS: Looks to me like we did. If you want to

bawl someone out bawl out the cast and lay off that union labor.

JIMMY DOYLE (*the author no less*): Oh, Mr. Kibbitzer. Have you got a minute?

KIBBITZER: NO! Hey you girls up there. Go and sit down some place. No, you can't come out here.

EPPUS: Yes you can. Get off that stage.

KIBBITZER: Stay where you are a minute. Walk that opening number. Let's have some music.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: I haven't got the opening number. The orchestration hasn't come yet.

COMPOSER: You told me you were bringing it with you.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: What are you talking about? You didn't write it until yesterday.

COMPOSER: Well, the first one I wrote was good enough. If you hadn't belly-ached so much we'd have that.

EPPUS: Now that you boys have that all settled, what are we going to use for music in the opening?

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Search me. I've got the old opening here. Come on, boys. The first opening. Let's go.

DANCE DIRECTOR: Hey, wait a minute. Stop. Stop that music. What's the big idea?

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: What's the big idea yourself?

DANCE DIRECTOR: You can't use that music. I did a whole new routine for that new opening.

KIBBITZER: Well, we're going back to the old routine.

JIMMY DOYLE: Say, you can't use that old routine. We went all over that yesterday. It finishes full stage. How am I going to get into that apartment scene from a full stage without that time in front?

DANCE DIRECTOR: Who the hell cares how you get into your apartment scene? It's no good anyway.

KIBBITZER: Cut out the apartment scene.

JOE: Strike the apartment!

(And that is the cue for Dixie Dugan to come to life. The little apartment scene is one of her pet numbers. She has rehearsed it for four weeks.)

DIXIE: Oh, Mr. Kibbitzer. The apartment scene isn't out, is it?

KIBBITZER: Yes, we can't make the change. We'll put something else in that spot for you. Hey, Jimmy! Write another scene for this spot. Something in one.

DIXIE: Aren't you going to leave it in for the dress rehearsal even?

KIBBITZER: Didn't you hear me say it was out?

JIMMY DOYLE: Well, I'm not going to write a new scene for that spot.

DIXIE: Well, if I can't have that scene I don't want to be in this show. You can have my notice right now.

KIBBITZER: Joe, take Miss Dugan's notice.

DIXIE: And what's more I'm catching the train back to New York tonight.

EPPUS: Hey, wait a minute you can't do that. You can't walk out on a dress rehearsal like that.

DIXIE: Well if you're cutting out everything I do what's the use of me staying here? Just to be near the ocean?

KIBBITZER: Let her quit if she wants to.

EPPUS (*pulling Kibbitzer down close to him*): Don't be a fool. If she walks out Jack Milton won't kick in another nickel. And we're going to take it on the chin for five thousand down here this week.

KIBBITZER: We gotta hit. If you had any sense you'd freeze Milton out now.

EPPUS: Well, I think we got a flop and it isn't honest to freeze Milton out of it.

KIBBITZER: Where is he? I thought he was coming down here?

EPPUS: He's over at the Ritz. He'll be here any minute and you know as well as I do if you get gay with Dixie he'll walk right out and take our other backers with him.

KIBBITZER: Maybe you're right.

EPPUS (*sweetly*): Oh, Miss Dugan. You don't care where the apartment scene is so long as it's in, do you?

DIXIE: You can throw it in the alley for all I care.

KIBBITZER: Oh, we all like it and we like you in it, but it's too early in the show.

DIXIE: It isn't too early if it's out, is it?

KIBBITZER: Who said it was out? We're just moving it, that's all. It's out of the first act, that's what I meant. See, you misunderstood me.

JIMMY DOYLE: Well, I'd just like to know where you're going to put it in the second act?

EPPUS: Just stick around, I'll show you.

JOE: The costumes are here for the opening.

EPPUS: Go on, girls, hurry up. Get ready for the opening.

JOE: Hurry up, kids, step on it.

KIBBITZER: For the time being we'll leave the apartment scene where it was.

DANCE DIRECTOR: Well, then, I have to change the routine again.

KIBBITZER: Is that all right with you, Miss Dugan?

DIXIE: All I want to know is whether it's in or out?

KIBBITZER: It's in.

DIXIE: Okay.

EPPUS: Say, are we going to have a rehearsal tonight? Come on with those lights. Who's lighting this show anyway?

DESIGNER: I'm supposed to be lighting it.

EPPUS: Well get busy. Light it.

DESIGNER: Dammit, set it first. Get all those people off the stage so you can see what the scenery looks like.

EPPUS: I can tell without clearing the stage. Looks cheesy.

DESIGNER (*defensively*): You'll see it will look different with the lights on.

KIBBITZER: It's the goddamest looking scenery I ever saw.

EPPUS: Give us a pink flood and take the blues out of the foots.

JOE (*shouting to spotlight men*): A PINK FLOOD!

VOICE (*from the gallery*): WHAT?

JOE: A PINK FLOOD . . . NO, NOT BLUE . . . PINK . . . P-I-N-K . . . PINK!

DESIGNER: Terrible.

KIBBITZER: More pink. Can't we have more pink? Where's your borders?

DESIGNER: My God, you don't want pink on that set.

EPPUS: Well, let's try the blue again. Give us all the blues you got.

JOE: BRING UP YOUR BLUES . . . HEY . . . A BLUE FLOOD . . . BLUE!

ELECTRICIAN (*in gallery*): WHAT?

JOE: A BLUE FLOOD . . . B-L-U-E.

ELECTRICIAN: YOU SAID PINK.

JOE: I KNOW I DID.

ELECTRICIAN: WELL MAKE UP YOUR MIND. WHAT IS IT? BLUE OR PINK?

JOE: BLUE.

DESIGNER: Swell.

EPPUS: I like the pink better. Change it back to the pink.

KIBBITZER: The way you had it before, Joe.

JOE: KILL THE BLUES . . . BRING UP YOUR PINKS . . . HEY . . . CHANGE THAT FLOOD TO PINK . . . COME ON, COME ON . . . WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

ELECTRICIAN: WAITING FOR YOU TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

KIBBITZER: Come on, come on. Let's get started on this rehearsal. We'll be here all night.

VOICES: HEADS UP . . . LOOK OUT FOR THAT DROP . . . MOVE IT YOURSELF . . . IT'S NOT IN MY DEPARTMENT . . . GIVE US A WORKING LIGHT HERE . . . GET THOSE TRUNKS OUT OF THESE WINGS OR WE'LL THROW THEM IN THE ALLEY . . . JOE . . . MIKE . . . MORE PINK IN THE BORDERS . . . OH, MR. KIBBITZER . . . OH, MR. EPPUS . . . EVERYBODY STAND BY FOR THE OPENING NUMBER . . . OPENING NUMBER . . . BRING DOWN THAT HOUSE CURTAIN . . . TAKE IT UP . . . BRING IT DOWN . . . LEAVE IT THERE . . . SAY WHAT THE BLANKETY BLANK . . . BLANK . . . BLANK . . .

(Seven a. m the following morning and Dixie Dugan has just staggered in from the dress rehearsal. Her sister, Nita, who has come down to Atlantic City to be with her for the week is drowsing in the other bed. Dixie is pacing up and down, wild-eyed, over-wrought and hysterical from excitement and fatigue.)

Do you really think it's going to be all right? . . . Do you really? . . . I'm so frightened. . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . If I could only sleep. . . . Seven o'clock in the morning and rehearsing since eight last night and there's a call for eleven o'clock. . . . Four hours sleep, if I can sleep. . . . Milton wants to give me a party tonight after the opening. . . . I bet I fall asleep at the table. . . . Am I dead! . . . He left about two. . . . Said I was going to be

great. . . . Do you think I am? . . . I'm so panicked. . . . Oh, if I don't go over I'll just die. . . . And they keep changing the numbers and switching things around. . . . Was that a mad-house! . . . You should have heard Jimmy and Eppus go to it this morning. . . . About three or four, I don't know. . . . Gee, you'da popped. . . . Eppus wanted to put some ducks in the show. . . . Said they'd look like swans from out front. . . . Nobody'd know the difference. . . . Wanted to tie their legs together and anchor them in a real pool of water in the garden scene. . . . Well, you'da died. . . . The ducks didn't know what it was all about. . . . The minute the orchestra started up they got panicked and started flapping their wings. . . . In three minutes that stage was so wet a fish would have drowned. . . . Then I was supposed to come out and lead that hot number. . . . On a wet stage, mind you. . . . Well, we all landed on our fannies. . . . One of the girls turned her ankle. . . . She'll be out tonight. . . . What a break! . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . You wouldn't mind working, but the sitting around and standing and waiting while Eppus argues with Kibbitzer and the musical director fights with the composers. . . . And everybody else yelling and the girls weeping and fainting. . . . Poor Jimmy. . . . They sure did swarm all over him. . . . What's the use of my going to bed? . . . I can't sleep. . . . If I only had a drink. . . . Milton gave me a couple of drinks early in the evening out of his flask and Jimmy hit the roof. . . . He's all right now. . . .

He walked back here with me. . . . Gee, he's a sweet kid. . . . I hope it goes over for his sake. . . . Do you think I'll be all right in it? . . . I'm so worried. . . . And that pink dress I'm wearing in the first act finale . . . Well, I cried when I saw what they had done with it. . . . I look that big around in it. . . . What's the use of my going to bed? . . . I got to be at the theatre at eleven. . . . At five o'clock this morning we were all staggering around in our sleep. . . . And Kibbitzer yelling come on, come on, we'll be here all night. . . . Milton's giving me a party tonight after the show. . . . I haven't told Jimmy yet. . . . Gee, I don't know what to do. . . . After all if it wasn't for Milton I wouldn't have had this chance. . . . Maybe Jimmy won't care. . . . Sometimes I can't figure him out. . . . Guess I'm falling in love or something. . . . Isn't that dumb? . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . Oh, boy, what a bed. . . . I'll just sleep like this. . . . Take my slippers off. . . . That's a good kid. . . . Gee, it's swell to have a sister like you. . . . Where have you been all my life? . . . Guess I will slip off this dress. . . . Help me with it, will you? . . . Oooh, my feet hurt. . . . Yeh, they were going to stretch my shoes. . . . Promised faithfully. . . . They're always going to do something for you in this outfit. . . . Yes, Miss Dugan. . . . Sure, Miss Dugan. . . . Don't you worry about it. . . . Everything's going to be all right. . . . They yes you to death. . . . Gee, the sun is shining in the window. . . . What time is it anyway? . . .

Can't you stop that darn ocean outside? . . . I think I'll get up and go out and swim. . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . You know what Milton said? . . . Said I was so sweet he could eat me. . . . I'd give him the darnedest case of indigestion. . . . I can't stand him. . . . Sometimes he's all right. . . . But I got to be nice to him, I guess. . . . I wish Jimmy would say that to me. . . . You know what he said? . . . He said some day I'll break your damn neck. . . . Gee, it was sweet to hear him say that. . . . I wish he would. . . . He can break my neck any day. . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . And I got to be at that theatre in a couple of hours. . . . Jimmy's going to take me down there. . . . Said I could eat breakfast with him at Childs. . . . I could eat a horse with Jimmy. . . . Gee, he's a sweet kid. . . . Gee, I'm tired. . . . I'll break your damn neck. . . . Jimmy . . . Sweet boy . . . Sweet . . .

X

ATLANTIC CITY STAR

(Sept. 29.)

One of the most interesting conventions to be held in Atlantic City this year opens to-day at the Superba Hotel when the Gleason Company, manufacturers of greeting cards for all occasions, holds its annual sales convention. All the salesmen who travel the United States and Canada as well as foreign representatives will be present together with high officials of the company including President Donald Gleason, Sales Manager Al Evans and various district managers. Chief among the star salesmen of the company here to confer on business problems, as well as drink deep of the beauties of Atlantic City, is Denny Kerrigan who comes from Indiana, famous for Booth Tarkington, the Ku Klux and

the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. One of the principal speakers who will address the convention is Teddy Zest, the poet laureate of the company, responsible for most of its beautiful sentiments as well as the popular American poet whose tender verses are syndicated far and wide. Mr. Zest is also scheduled to speak to-night at the First Presbyterian Church on the subject: "I Am A Father and Why Not?" The remainder of the Gleason organization at the close of the day's business plan to attend en masse the opening tonight at the Apollo Theatre of "Get Your Girl," featuring Dixie Dugan, the Jollity Night Club Band and Fifty Hotsy Totsies.

SCENE: Convention Room, Superba Hotel, Atlantic City. The room is full of Gleason salesmen jelled into small groups of three or four each awaiting the official opening of the convention and putting in time pleasantly swapping dirty stories and giving the company hell in all departments. In each eloquent face is stuck a gift cigar, compliments of the company, proving

once more that bread cast upon the water comes back all wet. Al Evans, a dynamo in breeches (a phrase variously attributed by advertising experts to Carlyle, Dr. Crane, John D. Rockefeller Jr., and Colonel Lindbergh—they can have it), breezes in and smacks the official mahogany a fast one with the official gavel. The convention is on.

AL: Gentlemen . . . boys, fellows, hey! Clucks, back to your corners. The invocation (*Groans.*) will have to be passed up (*Cheers.*) as Archie Basset, the only member of this organization who remembers his prayers is confined to his room with an ice pack and a nice brown fur-lined throat. He says he didn't have hardly anything to drink (*Yells of derision.*) so the only charitable thing to suppose is that some one spilt it on his head and it ate its way into his brain which is something you wouldn't understand. You will find a little table in front of your chairs, if that isn't asking too much of you this early in the morning, and on the table you will find some paper for making notes and pencils used ordinarily for making out expense accounts but dedicated today to a higher and nobler cause. You will also find little song books containing a few ditties which we are all going to sing together as loud as we can unless advised to the contrary by the management. Dennis Kerrigan, who has been invited by the National Broadcasting Co. to sing exclusively anywhere except over the radio, will lead you. He is a conscientious tenor. In other words, the possessor

of a small still voice. Gentlemen, Dennis Kerrigan, the sweet singer of Rolling Prairie, Mishawaka and the Banks of the Wabash far away.

DENNY: Boys, pick up your song books and turn to Number Three . . . Number Three . . . in the little brown hymnbook. . . . Brother Anderson will pass among you afterwards and take up the good will offering in his hat. I hope you see he gets it—in his hat. Let's go!

SALESMEN (*singing lustily*):

*We sell them Gleason Valentines in summer when
it's hot*

*We sell them Gleason Christmas cards in winter
when it's not*

And whether the weather is weather or not

In shower and in shine

We jump right in and sell the trade

The Gleason Wonder Line.

DENNY: Everybody. Come on!

ENSEMBLE:

Glory, Glory, Halleluia,

The dealers all say howdy-do-ya.

Glory, Glory, Halleluia,

We jump right in and sell the trade

The Gleason Wonder Line.

DENNY: Second verse and not so confidential.
Come on. Sell it!

SINGING SALESMEN:

*We sell 'em flocks of Greeting Cards
With whoop-dee-do and dash.
For we are Gleason Wonder Boys
And full of pep and pash.
They sign so many dotted lines
They break out in a rash.
And don't let 'em tell you any different.*

DENNY: And the chorus?

SALESMEN (*lustily*):

*Glory, Glory, Halleluia,
The dealers all say howdy-do-ya.
Glory, Glory, Halleluia,
We jump right in and sell the trade
The Gleason Wonder Line.*

DENNY (*to Al*): You can take them now. They're all in a lather.

AL: We're first going to throw the meeting open. That means every man for himself like a college glee club. If you have any deep-seated wrongs festering in your bosoms bring them out into the light of day where the bright sun and the sweet rain and the comforting zephyrs of God's Great Outdoors will heal and glorify and bring life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—where am I? What does it matter?

VOCAL SALESMAN (*taking it up*):

*What does it ma-a-a-ter
If the skies are gray
And the sun don't shine*

AL (*rapping for order*): Throw him out, he's breaking our hearts. (*Peace as the singer subsides with a painful gurgle.*) All right, boys, you've been yapping for months now for a chance to tell the world what a bunch of bums the home office is. Well, this is field day. And now we're going to run off the preliminary and final heats in belly-aching—standing, running, and jumping with and without weights. The usual liberal handicaps for junior salesmen. Yes, Artie? I see you. First in the field as usual. Boys, Artie Crawford. Traveling out of Chicago. One of King George's spies. Can be seen almost any week-end sneaking into Canada for evidence.

ART CRAWFORD: I'd like to know why we can't go back to the old way of mounting two samples on a sheet? Now with so many sheets . . .

VOICES: Aw, shut up!

Sit down!

You shouldn't steal sheets!

Limit yourself to towels!

Go on back to Chicago!

Where's your gang?

AL: Hey! Hey! Give the little boy a chance.

ART CRAWFORD: When I started in this business you could carry a whole line in your pocket. Now it takes four big sample cases alone for Christmas. Now when I started in this business . . .

VOICES: Who told you you started?

Who told you this was a business?

Let's see your machine gun.

ART CRAWFORD (*paying no attention*): When I

started in this business there were no hoodlums in it. Now it's full of them. And it seems by some strange coincidence we have most of them working for us.

VOICE: The boy knows his hoodlums.

ART CRAWFORD: Now I want to make it clear that I'm for smaller lines and better stuff. I've got a hump on my back from carrying the junk you fellows put out up there at the home office.

VOICES: So that's how you got that hump. We heard different.

AL: If poor Artie is getting too feeble to carry the samples we'll have to get him a bicycle. Only that might establish a precedent.

VOICE: The precedent has been established.

AL: All in favor of a bicycle for Art Crawford say "aye."

CHORUS (*groans*).

AL: The motion is carried. Yes, Mr. Holmes?

MR. HOLMES: I just want to say that I don't think the office is paying enough attention to Father's Day. The Buzza Company has just got out a swell line of Father Cards—5, 10, 15, 25, and 50¢ sellers. These are all regular Fathers and besides they have novelties. Like, For the Father of My Best Friend, To My Sweetheart's Father, To One Who Is Like A Father To Me, also Father-in-Law, and Father's Father. (*By way of explanation.*) That's Grandfather, of course. Now I think it's just a matter of simple mathematics to prove there are just as many fathers in the country as mothers. Why when you get down to reason there's bound to be. And that proves

the potential market is there. And fundamental constructive salesmanship tells us that once the potential market is discovered methods for tapping it can be laid out along well known principles, such as surveying the market, determining the quota and the sales unit, the dollar per capita per annum potential, the overhead, the turnover, the saturation index, and the direct as well as inverse ratio of unit promotion cost to unit sale profit. Thank you. (*Sits down completely overcome by his own eloquence. There is an awed silence.*)

LOUD DERISIVE WHISPER: They were astonished when I answered the waiter in perfect French.

AL: I think a song might cheer us up a little after what we've just been through. What say, Denny?

DENNY (*rising merrily*): All right, boys. What's the matter with Number Ten in the little polka dotted hymnal? Tune, The Song Is Ended, But The Melody Lingers On. Just the chorus.

SALESMEN (*with feeling*):

*The sale is ended
But the helluvit lingers on
All the commish is gone
But the helluvit lingers on
The deal was splendid
And the management wrote to say
You had a damfine day
If their credit was just O. K.
Then came the goods to the store
Broken and short—was that customer sore!
As we intended*

*We returned for more sales anon
—Buyer and sales had gone—
But the helluvit lingers on.*

AL: Boys, now I've got a surprise for you. Teddy Zest is going to speak to us.

VOICE: That's no surprise. I read it in the paper this morning.

AL: My mistake. I didn't think you could read. Boys, Teddy Zest, the poet all America loves, who has written most of our best sellers past, present and future. Give him the good old Gleason Greeting Song.

SALESMEN (*singing*):

*If here ain't Teddy Zest himself
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Himself no less and in the flesh
Hello! Hello! Hello!
We're glad to meet this handsome guy
And should he ask the reason why
We're proud to tell him in reply
Hello! Hello! Hello!*

TEDDY ZEST: Boys, I'm proud to be with you today. I'm proud to be associated with such a fine gang of real fellows dedicated to the mission of spreading good cheer far and wide o'er all our beautiful countryside where hands are warm and souls are true and hearts are fine and staunch as yew. Each day I wander down the road and see a man beneath his load of care and worry go a while and

to this man I give a smile and lo, his burden melts away, and brighter dawns another day. And once again he views the years no longer through a mist of tears, but walks erect four square and free once more the man he used to be. (*Bows, applause.*)

Why, boys, it's not given to every one to do good and get paid for it. That's the kind of a job you have, spreading cheer through all the land, spreading cheer on either hand, cheer to tots with heads of gold, cheer to dear sweet mothers old, cheer to maidens young and gay, cheer to fathers staunch and gray. So here's a cheer from me to you and three more cheers for our flag so true, the grand old red and white and blue. (*Applause.*)

The other day I was visiting a dear old couple in Battle Creek. They were celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary—their names escape me—tch, tch—and I thought really this dear old sweet couple can tell me of life for they have fought the good fight and their crowns are awaiting them. So I asked this dear old gentleman about life. But he was very old and very feeble and couldn't talk plainly. But I read in his faded blue eyes this message, this message of undying courage and fidelity which seemed to say do not falter in the battle, do not falter in the fight, learn to see your bounden duty, learn to read your trials aright, learn to face things as you find them, then resolve and plunge right in, for it's not the winning race that counts, but running the race to win. And so it goes in every field, and so it will go for aye, it's not the running

to win that wins, the wreaths of laurel and bay. So give a hand to less fortunate ones, and a smile to those in doubt, for nobody knows where the other one goes—so what's all the rush about? (*Applause.*)

The other day my little boy Wilfred climbed up in my lap and rubbed peppermint candy in my moustache. (*Laughter.*) And he said, daddy, does everybody have to work and I said yes, Wilfred, everybody has to work at something or other for that is the duty imposed on us by life. And then he said, daddy, will I have to work when I grow up and I said yes, Wilfred. And then he said, but aren't you going to make enough money daddy so I won't have to work? I said no, Wilfred, no matter how much money daddy makes you'll have to work when you grow as big as daddy. What do you think of that, Wilfred? And then Wilfred thought a while and then he looked up at me with those big baby blue eyes and he said, daddy, I think that's just dandy. (*Applause.*) And that's just what work is—just dandy. It's fine to have a job to do and fine to feel you're equal to the job at hand and know the thrill of working with a right good will, and is there any better fun than seeing jobs getting done? And, boys, that is my message true, to each and every one of you, no better job in all the land, than spreading joy on either hand, and selling messages of cheer, which far and wide through all the year, will go to hovel and to dome, with thoughts of mother, heart and home. No better job for hand or heart, than this in which you have a part. And here's

my old wish ever new, may God bless every one of you and make your dearest dreams come true. And that means you and you and you. Thank you. (*Thunderous applause.*)

AL: I'm sure we got a great deal out of Mr. Zest's inspiring speech and I know you fellows will all go out and sell twice as much of his stuff now that you've met him face to face and realize what a fine upstanding four square He-Christian gentleman he is. (*Applause.*) During Mr. Zest's speech I noticed our president come in and take a seat at the back of the room. (*Hearty applause.*) Will you come up and give the boys a talk, Mr. Gleason?

GLEASON (*not rising*): No, I'm going to stay right back here and listen for a while. If I talk I'll only hear what I know already. If I listen I may hear something new.

DENNY (*rising*): I have an idea I'd like to talk about. I've been thinking about it for some time and I'd like to know what Mr. Gleason and Al and all you boys think about it.

VOICE: Did Dixie Dugan give it to you?

DENNY (*hotly*): You keep your tongue off Dixie Dugan unless you want a good sock on the nose.

VOICE: Well, don't get mad.

DENNY: I don't have to get mad to sock you on the nose. It would be a pleasure.

VOICES: Fight! Fight!

AL (*vigorously*): Here, here. Cut it out. If we're going to have a fight let the entertainment committee handle it and put it somewhere on the program

where it will do some good. Come on, Denny. Let's have what you were going to say. Spill it.

DENNY (*glowering at opponent*) : Well, all I was going to say is I've been thinking about getting out a Christmas card that would have a wider appeal than just Christmas and I wrote one that I would like to submit to our creative department. (*Reads.*)

*May the beautiful shining Christmas star
Shine down on you wherever you are.
Wherever you roam, wherever you be
May it bring love and cheer to thee.
And may the Christmas spirit never cease.
Good will to men and World Wide Peace.*

(*With the natural instinct of a mother artist defending its young.*) You see, World Wide Peace is the idea. Something that will tie up with the peace and good will and the Christmas spirit.

GLEASON (*taking fire and jumping up enthusiastically*) : World Wide Peace . . . great . . . wonderful . . . that's a real thought for a Christmas card . . . get that one out . . . get it out right away . . . we can sell thousands of them . . . millions . . . we can get every church organization in America back of it . . . it will go in every Christian home in the country . . . World Peace . . . why you can get it out in all languages . . . French, Italian, German . . . can't you see it? . . . thousands . . . millions . . . thousands of millions of those cards going all over the world like winged mes-

sengers bringing tidings of great joy to all the peoples!

DENNY (*thrilled*): Do you really think so, Mr. Gleason?

GLEASON: Think it? I know it. Why you've got a magnificent idea. An idea that comes only once in a century. Listen . . . World Peace Christmas cards . . . cards carrying a message of Peace on Earth Good Will to Men . . . going out in all languages, . . . to all nations . . . all over the world . . . why we could line up every church organization . . . every woman's club . . . you would have millions buying them . . . millions selling them. When did you get the idea?

DENNY (*modestly*): Oh, just the other day. I've been working it out at home. The details, the type of design, the numbers at different prices, discounts, distribution.

GLEASON: Fine. Not only the regular dealers, but we'll get every organized agency for good, for service, for uplift, for welfare work, for Christianity to handle them too. (*To Denny.*) Isn't that your idea?

DENNY: You bet. Why not?

GLEASON (*to salesmen*): Boys, I believe this is the biggest Christmas card idea that has ever been conceived. What I like about it especially is that it gives us an opportunity to do something noble, something inspiring in a big broad fundamental way. You know this business isn't just dollars and cents. Profits aren't everything. (*Solemnly.*) What doth it

profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Right?

SALESMEN: That's right . . . Okay.

GLEASON: You're selling Christmas cards. Are they pieces of paper with designs and verses on them? No. You're selling that which inspires thoughtfulness, you're selling kindness, you're selling friendship and love and handclasps, and heartbeats, stable commodities, not luxuries . . . necessities. That's why I say Denny's idea is far greater than just a Christmas card idea. His idea is a card that will not only be a Christmas card, but will carry a message of good will and understanding and world peace to all the peoples of all the world! The golden Christmas Star surrounded by flags of all nations. Boys, it's wonderful . . . the very thought of it thrills me. . . . I can see millions of hands reaching out for this card at Christmas . . . I can see millions of them flying like angels of peace over the whole world. We can line up every church organization, the foreign missionary societies, every woman's club, every fraternal organization. We can get the governmental agencies back of this, the societies for the propagation of world peace, the diplomatic offices, the export trade, the import trade, millions will be buying them . . . am I right?

FIRST SALESMAN: That's right.

SALESMEN (*in chorus*): Okay!

GLEASON (*taking Denny by the arm and presenting him*): And here's the man who conceived the idea . . . a magnificent idea . . . a colossal idea

. . . an idea of truly epic proportions . . . the World Peace Greeting Card . . . and a greeting card shall lead them. (*Starts applause, every one joins in.*) Now, boys, I'll tell you what I've just decided to do. Denny here deserves more than just a pat on the back for this idea. I'm going to take him in off the road and make him assistant sales manager in charge of the World Peace Christmas Card movement. And I know all you boys will get together and help him put it over. Am I right?

SALESMEN: Right! Okay! (*All crowd up and shake hands with Denny.*)

AL (*rapping for order*): Boys, the old Gleason Hello Song for our new assistant sales manager, Denny Kerrigan.

SALESMEN (*in lusty chorus joined by the Old Man himself*):

*If here ain't Denny Kerrigan
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Himself no less and in the flesh
Hello! Hello! Hello!
We're glad to greet this handsome guy
And should he ask the reason why
We're proud to tell him in reply
Hello! Hello! Hello!*

Only a few minutes later Denny may be seen talking to the room clerk at the Hotel Superba. Would any of the "Get Your Girl" company be stopping here? Yes, quite a few of them. Would Miss Dixie

Dugan be here? Yes, 1242, but she's not in. Went out early. Could one leave a note for her? Certainly one could.

THE NOTE

DIXIE, YOU DEAR SWEET THING:

I'm in town stopping here. Tried to reach you, but you were at rehearsal. Coming to see your show tonight and if you hear a hundred men cheering for you that will be me. Can I see you after the show? Can we go somewhere and have something to eat and talk over old times? Did I say I would try to forget you? I was crazy. Leave a note saying you'll see me. I love you to death.

DENNY

P. S.

Got promoted today. Swell new job—assistant sales manager. Doesn't that sound good? You'll be proud of me yet.

D.

XI

SCENE: *Room in the Superba Hotel, Atlantic City.*

It is eleven o'clock in the morning and the shades are drawn, but enough bright sunshine filters through to pick out a pair of tumbled twin beds with a dark head on one pillow and a light one on the other. The light head is sleeping soundly and if one must say it—snoring a tiny bit. The dark head is buried face down in the pillow, but not deeply enough to completely smother a sound that might be either laughing or crying. The telephone rings violently. A delicate maidenly snore stops with a little squawk and the owner bolts upright as though shot. The dark lady pays no attention.

NITA: Telephone, sis. . . . Hey, Dixie! . . . Telephone. . . . Are you crying?

DIXIE: None of your d-d-damn business.

NITA: Dickie darling. You *are* crying. What's the matter? (*Telephone rings again.*) Are you in for anyone?

DIXIE: N-n-no.

NITA: Hello? (*Hand over mouthpiece.*) It's a man.

DIXIE: It's always a man. Damn 'em!

NITA: Sounds like Jimmy. Don't you want to talk to him?

DIXIE: N-n-no. N-n-never.

NITA: Hello . . . yes . . . this is her sister Nita . . . oh, yes, Jimmy . . . why no, she just went out. . . . I expect her back though soon. . . . Want to leave a message? . . . yes . . . all right, I'll tell her. . . . 'Bye. . . . That was Jimmy. Said for you to call him up as soon as you came back in.

DIXIE: He should live so long. He can rot first.

NITA: What's the matter with you? What happened last night?

DIXIE: Everything.

NITA: Well, do you know what time you came in here? Five o'clock. And snozzled. Were you snozzled!

DIXIE: Oh, I don't know. All my clothes are on the chair. I couldn't have been so snozzled as all that.

NITA: Well, baby, you didn't put them on the chair. They'd be hanging on the ceiling if I hadn't gathered them up.

DIXIE (*burrowing back into pillow*): I'd rather not hear any more about it. Oooh . . . my head. I've got to be at rehearsal at eleven. What time is it?

NITA: It's after that now.

DIXIE: Good.

NITA: Don't you want some breakfast? . . . wait a minute. . . . Room Service! . . . hello . . . what do you want, sis?

DIXIE: Nothing.

NITA: Hello, Room Service? . . . two toasts, two coffees . . . is that all you want?

DIXIE: Oooh, I feel terrible.

NITA: One order of bacon . . . crisp. . . .

DIXIE: Oh, migawd.

NITA: Two medium boiled eggs. . . .

DIXIE: Eggs . . . ooh, gawd.

NITA: And some, lemme see . . . some orange juice . . . want some orange juice, Dick?

DIXIE: NO!

NITA: Two orange juices. That's all. . . . And send up the morning paper and the mail. . . . Dickie, I should think you could hardly wait to see that paper. I'll bet the review will be all about you. You were swell last night.

DIXIE: Bologny!

NITA: Well you were. I thought opening night and everything you'd be scared to death.

DIXIE (*furiously*): I don't want to hear about the damn opening. I don't want to hear about the damn show. And everybody in it or with anything to do with it or connected with it in any way can all go to hell. And I don't mean if or perhaps.

NITA: You're just feeling rotten.

DIXIE: I'll say.

NITA: Who'd you fight with last night.

DIXIE: Let's talk of something else.

NITA: Who brought you home?

DIXIE: How should I know?

NITA: Well, I'll tell you. Denny brought you home.

DIXIE (*wide eyed*): No!

NITA: Yes! And he helped me put you to bed.

DIXIE: Well, that was a break for him. I hope you all had a good time.

NITA: I can tell you he felt pretty bad about it.

DIXIE: Putting me to bed shouldn't make him feel so bad. He may never have another chance to see what the well dressed young girl is wearing.

NITA: I don't see anything funny about it. How did you happen to come home with Denny?

DIXIE: Search me. I started out with somebody else.

NITA: Well, where did you meet him?

DIXIE: I don't know, I tell you. I don't know where I met him. All I know is I was on a party and I drew a blank and when I wake up I find you sitting up in bed with your hair all over your eyes asking a lot of dumb questions like where are you, and how are you, and who do you love. Anyway, your nose is red.

NITA: Never mind my nose. You should see yours.

DIXIE: Can't, thank God.

NITA: COME IN! . . . oh, it's the paper. Bring it here . . . a couple of letters for you too, Dickie . . . letters of apology, I suppose . . . hoping you'll forgive them for the way you treated them . . . how do you get away with it?

DIXIE: I treat them all too good. Anything is too good for them. . . . Well, bellboy, are you off for the day? . . . didn't you ever see two girls in bed before? . . . go home and tell your mother you're

a big boy now and she can put some pockets in your pants. (*The bellboy goes right out of there with hot pink ears.*)

NITA: Dickie . . . darling, listen to this: "*A new musical comedy star swam into the firmament last night when Dixie Dugan sang and danced her way into the hearts of a representative first night audience at the Apollo Theatre where 'Get Your Girl' had its première. Vivacious, petite, with a gay abandon and an in—an in-sous an i-n-s-o-u-c-i-a-n-c-e—*" whatever that is—

DIXIE: Whatever it is I've got it. And a headache.

NITA: ". . . *She carried the show on her slender shoulders to a complete personal triumph and all of this in spite of the handicap imposed upon her by tinny tunes, limping lyrics and an anæmic book.*"

DIXIE (*flashing*): That's a lie! It's not anæmic.

NITA: I thought you were off Jimmy?

DIXIE: I am. But he has a good book, or rather he did have one until Kibbitzer and Eppus began to re-write it.

NITA: ". . . *An adequate supporting company and one of the hottest little choruses that ever hoofed along the Boardwalk.*" What did you and Jimmy fight about?

DIXIE: What else does it say?

NITA: Did you scrap with Milton, too? I think you're a fool.

DIXIE: I care what you think. A lot you know about it. Who kissed you in?

NITA: Denny said last night he came back to see you. He was out front all evening clapping hands, yelling "whoopie!" every time you came on or went off.

DIXIE: I heard him. Had a flock of his sentiment slingers with him, too. Stuccoed to the ears. They couldn't be as enthusiastic as they were unless I was Jolson or they were blotto.

NITA: Did Denny go back to see you?

DIXIE: What did Denny tell you?

NITA: He said he did. Said he begged you to come out after the show and talk to him, but you told him you were tired and had a rehearsal and were going to bed early.

DIXIE: Then what's all this checking up for? If you know what happened why do you ask me? Why don't you draw up a chair and hear my confession? There's your bacon and eggs at the door.

NITA: COME IN! . . . right here between the beds. . . . Denny was pretty well broken up last night about you turning him down and lying to him.

DIXIE: Oh, *he* was broken up! And how about me? I suppose I laughed myself to death all night. Gay and light-hearted and full of fun. God what a party I had.

NITA: I'll sign it. . . . What happened? Can't you tell me?

DIXIE: 'Course I can tell. But what good will that do?

NITA: Want some of my bacon?

DIXIE: Bacon! That would finish me. Oooh, do I feel!

NITA: And do you look! Who did you go out with?

DIXIE: Jack. Let's talk of something else. What else does it say in the paper? How do you like eggs? What's the next train back to New York?

NITA: What difference does that make to you? You're here for the week.

DIXIE: Am I?

NITA: Don't be a nut. Of course you are. What happened to you and Jimmy last night? How did you see him if you were with Jack?

DIXIE: At the Paradise.

NITA: What did he say?

DIXIE: "Hello."

NITA: And you had a fight with him over that?

DIXIE: Didn't have any fight with him.

NITA: Well, one of us is crazy. I don't get a damn bit of sense out of it.

DIXIE: You should have had fish for breakfast. It's brainfood. Full of phosporous.

NITA: Did you have a fight with Jack, too?

DIXIE: I wouldn't call it a fight exactly. One of those elimination contests. He makes a pass at her. She ducks. Counters with how could you think that of me. He backs up. She follows up advantage with tears. Bell rings. Her round. Waiter appears. His round. Now they are back in the center of the ring. They shake hands. He leads with peck to cheek. Tries to go into clinch. She lights cigarette. They

spar. Waiter appears. His round. Bell rings. Draw.

NITA: Talk sense.

DIXIE: Fourteenth round. Both groggy. O-o-o damn everything.

NITA: Dickie! You're crying.

DIXIE: I'm n-n-not.

NITA: You are too. What's the matter?

DIXIE: God, I'm miserable. I wish I was dead.

NITA (*holding her close*): Dickie, darling! Don't cry. Tell me about it. You can tell your big sister anything. What's the matter? What happened?

DIXIE: It's Jimmy. I'm so crazy about him. And I sat there in the dressing room and waited and waited for him to come back to talk to me. I thought maybe he'd want to take me out and if he did I was going to ditch Jack. But he never came back at all. Didn't even send a message back or anything. Just left me sitting there waiting all dressed up. And of course Denny came in and wanted to take me out but I stalled him. I thought maybe any minute Jimmy would come so I told him I was tired and had to get to bed early because we had an early rehearsal and to run along and be a good boy and I'd see him later in the week. And of course he was terrible cut up and wanted to know what he did that I treated him that way. And all the time I was listening for Jimmy's footsteps. And I don't know what I said to him but I kept on answering him no and yes and yes and no and tomorrow and the day after and finally he went away and then Jack came

in with an armful of flowers and all pepped up for the party. And he tells me how wonderful I am and how everybody was crazy about me and how the show went over with a big bang and he loves me and everything is set for a grand celebration and let's go. And still no Jimmy. Not a sign of him. Not a peep out of him. Not even how do you do, good-bye, go to the devil, or anything. So finally I got next to myself. I should sit around and get crow's feet waiting for him to show up!

NITA: That was sense.

DIXIE: So Jack piles me into a taxi and we go to the Paradise where he has a table reserved with flowers on it and champagne in buckets and waiters three deep all around us bowing from the waist and saying yes sir, yes sir. And he starts throwing money around at head waiters and waiters and busboys and the orchestra leader and the entertainers and all the time he's saying this is the life. Am I crazy about you! Have another. I feel like a kid. Fill 'em up. Have another. Have some more. So I thought I might just as well. If I can get licked I won't feel so bad. So pretty soon I lost count. We danced and drank and drank and danced and the place filled up and the orchestra got louder and the floor got more crowded and I could see more black coats and white arms and more waiters and more champagne and I was having a heluva time.

NITA: I bet you were.

DIXIE: Like fun. I was crying inside all the time. I kept thinking of Jimmy. Where is he? Why didn't

he come back to see me? Is he mad at me? Why should he be? I didn't do anything to him. I couldn't. He could walk on me.

NITA: Silly baby.

DIXIE: Just plain nerts. Well, anyway Jack was having the time of his life. All the pretty things he said to me. How cute I was. How sweet, how young. Did I think he was too old for me. Kept telling me that he was only forty-five. That wasn't old. And did I think it was. And how crazy he was about me. And he never met anyone like me. And could I learn to like him just a little. And me saying sure, sure, sure with one eye on the door feeling somehow even then I might see Jimmy come in. And then the drums rolled and an announcer steps out on the floor in the spot light and says something about we are honored tonight by having as one of our guests the star of "Get Your Girl" and out of the fog I hear a loud voice in my ear "Dixie Dugan!" and a big yell and hand clapping and Jack beaming all over saying "Get up. They're calling for you. Stand up." So I stood up and they give me a pink spot and everybody yelled "Speech!" and the announcer takes me by the hand and leads me out on the floor and I sing "Little Two By Four" from the show. The one Jimmy wrote for me.

NITA: It's a cute song.

DIXIE: It's a piece of tripe. But it sure sounded swell in that cabaret with the saxes moaning underneath and that banjo rhythm in the chorus. And me thinking of Jimmy and smiling at everybody and

all the time my heart getting bigger and bigger and my throat smaller and smaller. Gee, it was terrible. Swell, too. Know what I mean?

NITA: Sure I know. There's nothing feels nicer in some ways than a heartache.

DIXIE: Don't I know it. I had a pip. Well, I get back to the table and Jack thinks all the emoting is for him. And is he thrilled! He wanted to eat me up. And then the announcer says we have another treat in store for you tonight ladies and gentlemen because we have as one of our guests the author of "Get Your Girl." Folks, this is Jimmy Doyle who wrote one of the snappiest shows that has opened here in years. Give this little boy a great big hand.

NITA: He was there all the time?

DIXIE: All the time. Right across the floor and I hadn't seen him. Well, he stood up and took a bow and made a little speech and sat down and this dame that's with him reaches across the table and pats his hand.

NITA: Who was she?

DIXIE: Ask me another. Didn't I try to find out! There was another couple at the table and I kept watching out of the corner of my eye so when the girls got up to go out I excused myself and went out, too, to get an earful. You couldn't blame me for that.

NITA: Of course not. Who were they? What did they say?

DIXIE: Well, the dame that patted Jimmy's hand kept pulling Jimmy this and Jimmy that and how

smart he was and how cute he was and the other one agreeing with her. And then she went on saying she always knew he had it in him and she told him so and no one else could ever be as proud of him as she was. That was the pay-off. Cora her name was. Cora. Tie that.

NITA: Who was she?

DIXIE: I couldn't find out. They tipped the girl and breezed back to the table. She could hardly wait to pat his hand some more I suppose. But you never saw such jewels. Diamonds big as your eye and a square cut emerald that looked like Vanderbilt's lawn. Well, I suppose that's what hooked Jimmy. Dough. She must be filthy with it. Probably one of those Park Avenue buds.

NITA: Was she pretty? How did she look?

DIXIE: That's the hell of it. I'd like to tell you she had a map like Wallace Beery, but she hadn't. She's pretty, God forbid.

NITA: I don't care how pretty she is. You've got it on her forty ways.

DIXIE: *You* think so. But you're not Jimmy. Sat there all evening and never gave me a tumble. Danced by the table and just said hello once and sort of nodded and went on. Just hello, that's all. Well, I never thought it could feel like that. I guess that was the time I settled down to serious drinking. Also I let out a few kinks and decided to show Jack a good time. I wasn't going to let Jimmy think he was so hot I couldn't pay attention to somebody else. Well, Jack sure does respond to good treat-

ment. I'll say that for him. He opened up like a morning glory. I guess we were getting pretty cordial and affectionate and I wasn't caring much either when I sneaked a peep across the room and caught Jimmy giving me a dirty look. Well, that was just what I craved. Duck soup. I let out a few more kinks and Jack's blood pressure jumped to 270. Everything was going crazy about this time anyway. More noise, more drinks, more dances, faster and dizzier, and more champagne and then I see Jimmy get up with his party and leave the place. With not even a look at me or good-bye or how do you do or anything. Just walked out behind this dame carrying her wrap on his arm. Never looked back. Nothing.

NITA: He might have said something to you.

DIXIE: Jack passed right out of the picture then as far as I was concerned. He kept on pawing me, but I wasn't there at all. I was following Jimmy and seeing him here and there and doing this and that and I couldn't drink enough to get him off of my mind. Then Jack got mad because I wasn't paying attention to him and we had an argument although I can't remember what he said or I said. All I know is I suddenly went cold all over and I knew I had to get away from there or I'd kill somebody. So I went out to the ladies' room and I told the maid if anyone asked for me to tell them I got sick and went home and she said okay and I slipped her a dollar. And then she said you do look sick, dearie, you better lie down a little and I did. And I

went out like a light. And that's all I remember. Now go on with the story. How did I get here?

NITA: I told you Denny brought you here.

DIXIE: I give it up. Where did I find him or where did he find me? And how?

NITA: In a rolling chair on the Boardwalk. Five o'clock in the morning. There was a girl with you. One of the dancers from the Paradise. She told Denny you passed out on the couch in the ladies' room and the man you were with sat at the table and waited for half an hour for you to return and then he came back and asked for you and the maid told him you had taken sick and gone home. So he went home, too. Mad as the devil. And it got later and later and the maid tried to rouse you and couldn't, and finally everybody had gone and they were putting the chairs on the tables and she finally wormed out of you where you lived and this dancer said she'd see you got home. So she loaded you into a rolling chair hoping the fresh air would bring you to. . . . And you were rolling down the Boardwalk when Denny came along.

DIXIE: Was he tight, too?

NITA: No, when you ran him out he went back to his salesman and they organized a poker party and the game didn't break up until around five and he was out trying to get a little fresh air before he went to bed when he ran into you.

DIXIE: My luck! I suppose now I can count him among my souvenirs.

NITA: Well, the girl was glad to get you off her hands so she turned you over to Denny and he brought you up here. You could walk all right, but I never saw you so out. So we both put you to bed and then he sat around and talked a while before he left. He's a darn sweet kid if you ask me.

DIXIE: Sure he's a sweet kid. Do you want him?

NITA: Well, I'd certainly make him a better wife than you would.

DIXIE: Who wouldn't?

NITA: Gee, he's crazy about you. Sat there talking about how heart-broken he was that you were in the show business and throwing your best years away helling around.

DIXIE: Helling around? He's like all the other goofs who think girls don't do any work in this racket. Just wear clothes and make faces at the audience and h'ist high balls the rest of the time. Say, for the last six weeks I've been busier than a one legged man in a forest fire. Helling around! Feature that.

NITA: Well, anyway he sat here for an hour holding your hand and raving about you—when he wasn't just sitting and looking at you and crying like a big goof. Boy, I wish I could get them panting for me like that.

DIXIE: That's always the way. I don't want the ones I can get and then I go and fall like a ton of brick for somebody that doesn't even want to look at me. Well, here's to men!

When you meet 'em you like 'em—

NITA: Don't be a sap.

DIXIE: Don't interrupt. I'm making a toast—

When you meet 'em you like 'em—

When you like 'em you kiss 'em—

When you kiss 'em you love 'em—

When you love 'em you lose 'em—

Damn 'em!

NITA: Goofus! There's Jack. Crazy about you. Wading around in money up to his adenoids and if you play your cards right he'll marry you and eat out of your hand. And what do you do? Stand him up because you're lovesick for some one that doesn't even know you're alive and cares less. What's this Jimmy stuff going to get you? Suppose you got him. Then what? Why Jack spends more for golf balls in July than Jimmy makes all year. Marry Jimmy and the longest trip you'll ever take will be on the Staten Island ferry. Grab Jack and see the world.

DIXIE: Suppose I couldn't get along with him?

NITA: Well, you're bound to make a few months of it one glad sweet song for him and then you can take him to Paris and check him.

DIXIE: I couldn't marry a man with the idea of checking him in a few months.

NITA: I wouldn't say that out loud if I were you. People will think you're some quaint old museum piece.

DIXIE: Well, anyway, Jimmy's out. I'm through! You can hug that to your heart if it'll do you any good.

NITA: Isn't that some one at the door? . . .
COME IN! . . . Well, flowers . . . no less . . .
for *you* of course.

DIXIE (*opening box*): Roses! Imagine having to
smell roses this early in the morning. Men have no
sense . . . ah, here it is. (*Reads.*) "Please forgive
me and have dinner with me tonight. Will telephone.
—Love, Jack." Well, now that is sweet. I wonder
what he said to me that he wants me to forgive
him? I can't remember what happened. Probably he
can't either so I can start anywhere.

NITA: Well, don't be a fool. Don't let him get
away. You're not going to get a lot of opportunities
like Jack. (*Telephone rings.*) There, that's him
now. Hello? . . . who? . . . oh, just a min-
ute. . . . (*Covering mouthpiece.*) It isn't Jack.
It's Jimmy . . . hello? . . . yes . . . no this is
her sister . . . can I take the message? . . . she's
in the tub . . . important you must see her right
away . . . you're going back to New York, is that
it? . . . all right, I'll tell her. . . .

DIXIE (*grabbing phone*): Hello Jimmy . . .
no, I wasn't in the tub at all . . . I mean I was,
but I just got out . . . are you really going back
to New York? . . . oh . . . well when? . . .
where? . . . I'll be there in two ticks. . . . 'Bye.
(*Jumps out of bed.*) Whoopie!

NITA: Well, for God's sake. I thought you weren't
going to see him any more? Where you going?

DIXIE (*throwing on clothes*): Childs for break-
fast . . . with Jimmy.

.

NITA: But you had breakfast.

DIXIE: I'm going to have another.

NITA: But listen, wait a minute. What'll I tell Jack if he calls?

DIXIE: Tell him anything. I don't know. Don't bother me.

NITA: And what about Denny? Suppose he calls?

DIXIE: Migod woman. I don't know. Elope with him. Seduce him. Marry him. I don't care. Whoopie! Jimmy called me up. He couldn't go back to New York without seeing me. That shows something.

NITA: You haven't got a brain in your head.

DIXIE: I love it. I wouldn't be any other way.

NITA: Well, I'm going to tell Jack you're having dinner with him. If Jimmy goes back to New York you have plenty of time to see Jack.

DIXIE (*jamming on hat*): Don't talk to me about dinner when I'm just about to have breakfast. (*Grabs coat and starts out door singing.*)

Is he my boy friend?

HOW de-ow-DOW!

NITA: Wait a minute . . . well, she's gone, let 'er go, God bless her . . . didn't even look at her letters . . . wonder who they can be from. . . . Senorita Dixie Dugan (*Tries to peer through it—turns it over—reads.*) "From Alvarez Romano, care of American Consul, Managua, Costaragua." Well, tie that!

XII

Tuesday

NITA DEAR:

Just got back from rehearsal and found your note saying you had to dash back to New York. Just when the baby sister needs you, too, to bounce all her troubles off of. That doesn't sound right, but fifteen minutes a day of good reading will do wonders for me.

Must jump right in the tub and out again as Jack is taking me to dinner. Had breakfast with Jimmy. He's gone to New York. Tell you all about it later. Seems worried. So does Kibbitzer. So does Eppus. So is your loving sister,

DIXIE



NA 342 13

SEPTEMBER 30

NEW YORK CITY NY

ABE LIPOWITZ

RITZ HOTEL ATLANTIC CITY

ANY LIFE IN GET YOUR GIRL WIRE

TRIANGLE TICKET AGENCY



89 NK 173

SEPTEMBER 30

ATLANTIC CITY
 TRIANGLE TICKET AGENCY
 1444 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
 BLUE BABY.

ABE

Tuesday Night

NITA DEAR:

Home from theatre. Am I dead! Saw Jack for dinner and a few minutes after show tonight. Hinted house was poor and show looks in bad way, but he'll back me to limit if I'm a good girl. And I says if I'm not is what you really mean, naughty mans, good night, and I beat it upstairs. And now for something more important. The girl Jimmy was with that night at the Paradise is Cora Brewster, daughter of the big gazook who owns the Evening Tab on which Jimmy works. I asked him if that was any reason why he had to sit and look at her all night like a dying duck in a thunder storm. And he said he was only a wage slave in a gilded cage and had to do what he was told. I thought you were your own boss, I said. No, he says, I'm just one of the

poor girls in Madame Brewster's house all dressed up in the yellow kimono of tabloid journalism tapping on the window to attract customers and living only in hopes of making enough money so I can get out some day and have a house of my own.

And where does Cora fit into this scheme I says. She's just a friend says Jimmy. That is, she's been nice to me because I've been helping her a little bit. Yeh, says I. It's like this, says Jimmy, she's got a bug to write so her father's been letting her play pussy wants a corner down in the office with the telephones and typewriters and I've been showing her how to dial numbers and make her adjectives come out even. So when she happened to be here for the opening of my show and wanted to go I couldn't very well refuse to take her could I? Besides her father isn't going to get mad at me for being nice to her and as long as I have to work for her father I'd rather be friends with him. And besides all that it's nice to be nice to a nice girl. I'm nice to you don't you think? You don't have to be if it's an effort, says I. It's no effort he says to me. Of all the nice girls I know you're easily the nicest. Well, that built me right up. And though it was only bacon I was eating it tasted like bee's knees in butter.

He dashed for the train right after that and I floated into rehearsal full of what those perfume ads call pshaw de veev. You know—like Douglas Fairbanks—all over the place. More later.

DIXIE

APOLLO THEATRE
"GET YOUR GIRL" COMPANY

RECEIPTS

Monday Night.....\$1,425.00

COMMENTS

HOUSE MANAGER: Too warm all afternoon for window sale.

COMPANY MANAGER: What could you expect with such bum advance publicity? But tomorrow will tell the story.

RECEIPTS

Tuesday Night.....\$ 914.00

COMMENTS

HOUSE MANAGER: If you'd been ready to give a show last night you wouldn't be off tonight.

COMPANY MANAGER: Too cool anyway. But tomorrow mat will tell the story.

RECEIPTS

Wednesday Matinee.....\$ 317.00

COMMENTS

HOUSE MANAGER: Matinees are always bad here. They're all on the beach.

COMPANY MANAGER: We really don't care about the matinee anyway. It's just like dress re-

hearsal. But tonight will tell the story. How's the advance?

HOUSE MANAGER: There ought to be a good window sale before the curtain if it isn't too cool.

RECEIPTS

Wednesday Night. \$ 652.00

COMMENTS

HOUSE MANAGER: It's a good sign when it starts off slow.

COMPANY MANAGER: The house was dark last week so they're out of the habit. But tomorrow will tell.



OCTOBER 1ST

RH 244 98 C

ATLANTIC CITY

JAMES DOYLE

NEW YORK EVENING TAB NY CITY

ITS A BUST STOP CLOSING SHOW SATURDAY
STOP ITS ALL YOUR FAULT TOO.

KIBBITZER AND EPPUS

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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OCTOBER 1ST

NA 12 763

NEW YORK CITY NY

JOHN BREWSTER

HOTEL RITZMORE LOS ANGELES CAL

NEED FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS QUICK STOP
LOVE

CORA

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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OCTOBER 1ST

A 14C CK 12

LOS ANGELES CAL

CORA BREWSTER

NEW YORK EVENING TAB NY CITY

WHY STOP KISSES

DAD

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OCTOBER 1ST

345 KD 3C

NEW YORK CITY NY

JOHN BREWSTER

HOTEL RITZMORE LOS ANGELES CAL
 SHOW WRITTEN BY JIMMY DOYLE NEEDS ONLY
 LITTLE MONEY TO PUT IT OVER STOP WON-
 DERFUL SHOW STOP GOOD NOTICES STOP CAN
 BE SAVED STOP PLEASE HELP STOP LOTS OF
 LOVE

CORA

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES																			
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OCTOBER 1ST

NB 113 38

LOS ANGELES CAL

CORA BREWSTER

NEW YORK EVENING TAB NY CITY
 YOU ARE OVERWORKING YOURSELF STOP COME
 OUT HERE AND REST STOP LOVE AND KISSES
 DAD

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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OCTOBER 1ST

A 10CCK 35 5

NEW YORK CITY NY

JOHN BREWSTER

HOTEL RITZMORE LOS ANGELES CAL
 CALLING YOU LONG DISTANCE MIDNIGHT TO-
 NIGHT STOP YOU'RE THE DEAREST DADDY IN
 THE WORLD

CORA

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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OCTOBER 2ND

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LOS ANGELES CAL

CORA BREWSTER

NEW YORK EVENING TAB NY CITY
 CONFIRMING CONVERSATION LONG DISTANCE
 LAST NIGHT AM WIRING MY ATTORNEY IN-
 STRUCTIONS FOR BUYING INTEREST IN GET
 YOUR GIRL AND SAFEGUARDING YOU IN
 TRANSACTION STOP HE WILL PROCEED TO

ATLANTIC CITY WITH MONEY AND MAKE NEC-
 ESSARY ARRANGEMENTS IN HIS OWN NAME
 STOP STILL CONVINCED YOU MUST HAVE
 FALLEN ON YOUR HEAD OR ARE YOU IN LOVE
 STOP GO AHEAD STOP

DAD

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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No tender need mark as I indicate the class of service desired - otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a fast telegram.	
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354 TK 12 5
 NEW YORK CITY NY
 KIBBITZER AND EPPUS

OCTOBER 2ND

APOLLO THEATRE ATLANTIC CITY
 KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON STOP HAVE A SCHEME
 STOP ARRIVING MIDNIGHT
 DOYLE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Fast Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Telegram	
Short Letter	
No tender need mark as I indicate the class of service desired - otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a fast telegram.	
TELEGRAM	
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NB 35 134
 NEW YORK CITY
 DIXIE DUGAN

OCTOBER 2ND

APOLLO THEATRE ATLANTIC CITY
 DONT WORRY STOP SHOW NOT CLOSING STOP
 ARRIVING MIDNIGHT STOP RESERVE TWO
 CHAIRS BREAKFAST CHILDS

JIMMY

Friday

NITA DARLING:

News, news, news. Instead of the show closing here tomorrow night we're laying off next week and rehearsing and then we come into New York. Pray for us. Kibbitzer and Eppus are out—right on the fanny, and I don't mean Brice. Jimmy is running the show. He is putting it back just the way it was when he wrote it and already it's going better. We're rehearsing day and night and I'm dead on my feet, but Jimmy's heart is so set on putting this first show of his over I couldn't do less even if I wanted to.

How? When? Where? Who? The answer is Jimmy found an angel. He won't tell me who. He says he can't. But the angel skidded Kibbitzer and Eppus out into the alley and gave Jimmy full charge. Told me all about it at breakfast after he came back from New York. Haven't seen much of him since except running up and down the aisles during rehearsal and barking at everybody. Me too. Maybe his bark is worse than his bite—what? Naughty girl, Nita, thinking such things. Tch, tch.

Have you heard anything from Denny? Me neither. I guess he has cancelled all my time. I think I'll send him a little motto something like this:

*People often drink a lot
But only when they think a lot
And that's my trouble, too,
For every drink's a little think
And every think's of you.*

I ought to get something for that don't you think? The chair maybe—better known as the hot squat.

News, news and more news. Dinner with Jack last night. I'm afraid he's disappointed. Been seeing too many movies where when everything else fails you get the girl down to Atlantic City and the salt air eats away her iron will and she's just A Piece of Clay in the Hand of the Potter, and Goes Down, Down into the Valley of Shame and Eats the Bitter Bread of Remorse. I guess he realizes now that's a lot of railroad propaganda to keep the week-end excursions running. I as much as told him so over our second stein of beer and good beer, too—I'll take you there if you'll come back. I says, Jack I think you're swell and I like you a lot and I don't know whether you're a bear down in Wall Street or a bull and I wouldn't know if you told me, but Dixie Preferred is one stock you can't manipulate on a margin and the mere fact that I may bite you on the ear once in a while when I'm ginny and think you're some one else must not confuse a sound business man like you. I'm just an old fashioned fool of a girl, big boy, and when I sell out it will be for value received payable in advance in the gold bonds of matrimony. Blue Skies is not an investment—it's only a song by Irving Berlin. Well, I could tell by the way he paid the bill that he felt it was just another day wasted away.

And more news by me yet. You must have seen that letter I got from Alvarez just before you left—at least the outside of it. Well, he's down in

Costaragua with his father and they're both running off a revolution trying to get back into power. You remember his father was a presidente or something. Well, the whole picture was all out of shape like a banquet photo for all I could make of it until Jack chirped during dinner, do you know where your old back stabbing friend Alvarez is? No says I rolling over and playing dead, ain't never heered. What do they be saying down by the old saw-mill? Well, says Jack, his father came into see me several months ago and promised if I got up a syndicate to finance his revolution we could have the oil concession. So I got a few of my pals together and we talked it over and decided that would be the patriotic American thing to do. Our country may she always be right, but right or wrong we've got to have oil. So we sent ex-presidente Romano off with our blessing and backing and he took that tango dancing hot tamale with him, tight pants and all.

Feature that. No wonder I haven't heard from Alvarez all this time. Ever since he tried to kidnap me in fact. But his letter proved he hasn't changed a bit. Here's a piece of it. Judge for yourself.

"All day and all night we fight up the hills and down the hills and soon we will kill all these dogs who now run like rabbits when they see me and my brave sodados coming at them with blood in our eyes and knives in our teeth. Not little pocket knives like that which I stick into your fat friend Jack who thinks we fight for his oil. Ha, ha, ha. I laugh in his nose. No, we have

big beautiful knives, and every time I stab I think of you, diosa mia, and cry Die Pig! You are one less dog I must kill and then it will all be over and I will be rich and happy and my country she will be free and I will come and get you, my little Dixie, and you will come back here with me or I knock your pretty little, how you say, block off, and drag you down here to my arms which ache to hold you, querida mia. . . ."

Whoopie! If Jack with all his dough could only talk like that and look like Jimmy. And speaking of Jimmy and dough I sure would give a pretty to know who the mysterious angel is. Some attorney is down here handling the business for him, but who's behind the man behind? Jimmy isn't telling, but I'm going to find out or bust a garter belt.

Put down that bottle!

DIXIE

ATLANTIC CITY
October 3rd.

JOHN BREWSTER
RITZMORE HOTEL
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Pursuant to your instructions I completed negotiations with Kibbitzer and Eppus, producers of "Get Your Girl," by which I secured for your daughter, Miss Cora Brewster, controlling interest in pro-

duction. This was comparatively easy as "Get Your Girl" is in bad way financially and producers were glad to get out from under. In fact, they had intended to close the show Saturday night.

However, I agreed to take it over and guarantee the loss for current week and in the event the show proves successful pay them \$500. a week out of the gross until they had received the sum of \$15,000. They retain their interest in the stock and motion picture rights, but I do not believe these rights have any value.

The remaining interest of 40 per cent is held by John Milton, a broker with offices at 67 Wall Street. He gives me to understand he is willing to string along for the time being and take his chances with the production and this should be satisfactory for he has no desire to meddle in the management of the production itself, which according to your wishes I have turned over to the author, James Doyle.

The show will lay off next week and our office is now negotiating with Jules Murry in the Shubert office for New York theatre for the following week if possible or if a house is not available on such short notice a fill-in booking for the week with a New York house the week following. Awaiting further instructions, I remain

Very truly yours

LEVINSON, AARONSON, SCHMALTZ,
ROSENBAUM and REILLY

By I. ROSENBAUM

ATLANTIC CITY

Friday

MISS NITA DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVENUE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR NITA:

I tried to get you on the phone but the clerk said you had gone home so I am writing to tell you our sales convention is over and I'm leaving for Minneapolis tomorrow. I've been in to see Dixie's show every night and they are changing it a lot and it seems to be getting better, but the attendance is brutal. I haven't tried to see Dixie although you know how much I would like to talk to her. But she doesn't seem to have time for me anymore. I guess I haven't enough hop on the ball for her. Well, she's a sweet kid, but she's young and she hasn't any sense about men. If she'd only listen to me, but I guess you're the only one she pays any attention to and I hope you'll watch over her because she doesn't know what it's all about and she thinks she's smart, but there's always some one else who's smarter and some day she may be sorry she's treated me the way she has. But I guess I'll just go on liking her just the same because that's the kind of a goof I am. "Thinking of you, why that's all that I do, all the day long, all the night through, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, etcetera, etcetera." That's from one of our best selling mottos.

Did I tell you I've been made assistant sales manager? I thought Dixie would get a big kick out

of that—but I guess not. Wotthahel, Bill, wotthahel.

Stopping over for a day in Chicago and will look Sunshine up. Maybe Dixie has written something to her about me. Maybe not, too. Well, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone"—that's from our line, too, in two sizes, 10 cent seller and 25.

Your friend
DENNY



OCTOBER 4TH

K7 397 B44 SANAGUAY

COSTARAGUA

MILTCO NEW YORK

DONT THINK YOUR AUNT NELLY WILL LIKE IT
HERE STOP FARM OVERRUN AND PAPA LEFT
SUDDENLY FOR HIS HEALTH STOP SONNY NOT
EXPECTED TO LIVE AFTER TOMORROW LOVE
JAY



OCTOBER 4TH

K7 397 B44 SANAGUAY COSTARAGUA

(Decoded)

JOHN MILTON

67 WALL STREET

NEW YORK CITY

REVOLUTION DEFEATED STOP GENERAL RO-
 MANO AND ARMY IN FLIGHT STOP GOVERN-
 MENT TROOPS CAPTURE SON ALVAREZ WHO
 HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED

JAY

XIII

ATLANTIC CITY

Oct. 4.

NITA DEAR:

Jack has just told me the dreadful news. Remember I wrote you about Alvarez fighting in a revolution down in Costaragua? Well, Jack got a cable from the company's representative down there saying the revolution has been defeated and Alvarez has been captured and is going to be executed. The poor kid. I'm just sick about it.

And I just got such a sweet letter from him. All about how he was chasing the enemy up one hill and down another and sticking knives in them and soon he was going to be presidente or something and would come back and steal me away from here and take me down to Costaragua with him. Of course he was as crazy as a bass drummer half the time, but the rest of the time he was too sweet for words. It makes me cry when I think of all the nice things he used to say to me when he was dancing with me in the Jollity Club. Maybe they won't execute him. What do you think? Jack says he can't get any more news because the government is censoring everything or something like that.

I've asked Jimmy to try and find out something through the paper he's working for. He says they have a correspondent down there and they ought to be able to get some information out of him pro-

vided he isn't hiding in some volcano planning a revolution of his own.

The show is closing in Atlantic City tonight and we all leave for New York tomorrow morning and start a week of rehearsal day and night. The first call is tomorrow night, 8 p. m., Bryant Hall.

Am writing this with one hand and making up for matinee with the other. They called overture a few minutes ago. There goes the curtain. Signing off,

Your loving sis
DIXIE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
October 4.

MR. PHIL MASON
MILTON AND COMPANY, WASHINGTON BUREAU
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MASON:

Get in touch right away with Congressman X. Convince him of peril to American interests in Costaragua by suppression of Romano revolution. Confidentially our oil concession is a bust if we can't get some marines down there pretty quick to reinstate Romano. X should worry about that but don't fail to call his attention to persecution of American citizens and indignities to American flag. Heavy on the flag. Intervention necessary to protect life and property and sustain dignity of our great nation. Step on it.

Hurriedly,
JOHN MILTON.

SPEECH
OF
HON. PHINEAS FIBBLEDIBBER
OF ALABAMA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(From the Congressional Record)

(The House in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 9481) making appropriations for the Executive Office and sundry independent executive bureaus, boards, commissions, and offices for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929 and for other purposes.)

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. Mr. Chairman, I have been sitting here listening to the remarks of the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. CORNHILL) with ill concealed loathing and disgust. I will go further and say his impudence is exceeded only by his ignorance. He has insinuated that the real purpose of my appeal for the pacification of Costaragua is to restore order so that American investors and bond holders will be secured their dividends and interest payments. This gentleman has manipulated the facts and distorted the figures and woven over and about his handiwork the mucilaginous web of falsehood and the meretricious tissue of deceit. (APPLAUSE.)

Gentlemen in the words of the poet: "Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, this is my own my native land," and er . . . and so forth. (APPLAUSE.)

MR. WHOOPS. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. I yield five minutes to the gentleman from Minnesota.

MR. WHOOPS. Mr. Chairman, I have asked for time for the purpose of reading a poem entitled "The Lone Eagle" by our former colleague, Mr. Knute Knuteson, so that it may be incorporated in the Record. The poem reads as follows:

THE LONE EAGLE

*High, high up in the skies
The Lone Eagle gallantly flies,
Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is his name
And deathless and immortal forever will be his un-
dying name,
Across the blue to Paris he flew
Not only for me but also for you
From the Land of Liberty across the sea
To the land of Liberté Fraternité and Egalité.*

*Thank God again this marvelous man
Was as you might expect an American
No Frenchman, German or Englishman
But a staunch, four square son of Uncle Sam
So Lafayette we can now say adieu
For our debt has been paid in full to you.
Three cheers then for Colonel Charles A. Lind-
bergh so true
And three times three for the Red, the White and
the Blue. (APPLAUSE.)*

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. Gentlemen, the dark ground of Costaragua is stained with blood. The sombre sky of Costaragua flares crimson with the unholy fires of arson and rapine. God's own sun cannot shine through the pillars of smoke by day and those twinkling stars in heaven's blue canopy pale their ineffectual glow as the raging hell of war's infernal fury seethes and belches death and destruction through the dark watches of the night. Shall we sit idly by and fiddle while Rome burns? Oppressed people are calling to us, outstretched hands are reaching for the light, piteous eyes strain through the fog of ignorance and the miasma of oppression. Will our country ever fail to fight the good fight for the weak, the needy and the oppressed? I say no by the Eternal. Never! (APPLAUSE.)

MR. SINGLETREE. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. I yield to the gentleman from Nebraska.

MR. SINGLETREE. Mr. Chairman, I desire to call the attention of the House to the success we are having in Nebraska with our dairy industry. Nebraska is a land blessed with sunshine, populated with an industrious law-abiding citizenship and supreme in the development of co-operative dairy associations and co-operative cheese factories. The people of my home county were the first Nebraskans to begin the co-operative manufacture of cheese

and I take a pardonable pride this morning, gentlemen, in stating . . .



OCTOBER 8TH

12X 376

WASHINGTON D. C.

JOHN MILTON

67 WALL STREET NEW YORK CITY N Y

THE MARINES ARE COMING COMING COMING
MASON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oct. 8.

DEAR NITA: .

I'm getting pretty damn tired of this Cora person. Around Jimmy all the time. All day today and yesterday she was at rehearsal with him. All but sitting in his lap with her arms around his neck. Came back to Atlantic City from New York and rode back to New York with him Sunday. Compartment together all the way no less. Then he takes me out to dinner and says it doesn't mean anything—she's just interested in the show busi-

ness. You can tell that to my Aunt Fanny I says to him. Then he says he has to be nice to her—it's business. Yeh, business. Hooey. Well, I'm getting all fed up. He can have the business and her, too. My God you'd think a girl who had everything—money and clothes and a rich father and the top floor of a Park Avenue hotel—would give another girl a break. Why should she try to cop the only two legged male I'm interested in? Well, she can have him and the show, too. For two cents I'd walk out on the whole racket. Can you feature me rehearsing all day and night with a dame like that sitting out front criticizing. Say I nearly jumped over the footlights tonight and gave her a facial. And then Jimmy had the nerve to come back after rehearsal and ask me to go out and have a bite to eat with him. Well, I had a break. Jack was waiting for me and we went right by Jimmy like a taxi on a wet night. What are you doing in Philadelphia? For God's sake come home. What with all this changing and rehearsing and the show opening next Monday night and Jimmy yelling at me and Cora crawling into his vest pocket every chance and the family on my neck for coming home late and looking like hell and not marrying a millionaire I'm rapidly going nuts. All I got to say is this is the damdest world I was ever in and I hate every inch of it.

DIXIE.

NEW YORK CITY

October 8.

MR. KIRK KING
SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR KIRK:

You'll never know anything about women till you get mixed up with a musical show. Next to saxophone players it's the craziest sex there is. I've had years of it in the last three weeks and if I had my choice between Cleopatra and Clara Bow I'd take arsenic. I wrote to you about Dixie Dugan. She's got the lead in this show of mine and she's cuter than a brindle pup. But, boy, what a temper. I mean temper. Temper is what I mean. You should have heard her yesterday in the middle of rehearsal. Three stage hands broke down and cried like babies from pure envy. It would take a book to tell you all the reasons, but briefly it's like this— The daughter of old man Brewster who owns the Evening Tab, my meal ticket, came to bat when my show was ready to close in Atlantic City with enough money to buy out the producers and give me a chance to put it back in the shape I wrote it. So naturally she's watching rehearsals and since it's part of the deal that I can't give away the secret of who is backing me Dixie can't figure what this dame is doing out front making suggestions how she thinks the show could be improved. So when Cora, that's her name, thought Dixie's specialty dance in the second act was too long and suggested cutting two choruses out of it, boy, oh boy, oh boy!

That's only part of it. The hell of it is I'm afraid I'm falling for the kid. Besides being cute and all that she's got a quick mind, a keen sense of humor and says just what she thinks. And she really thinks. No, I'm not overworked. I'm just getting to like her a lot. Maybe too much. I don't know. But it's pleasant. Darn swell, in fact. But she'll probably marry one of these rich guys that's prowling around her all the time. Prowling is the word, too. There's one Jack Milton who has an interest in the show. Just nuts about her. Filthy with lucre, too. Always pelting her with orchids or pushing her in and out of long limousines—the kind you need television to see the chauffeur.

The show has me worried nuts, too. Not the show itself because I'm sure I can get it whipped into shape, but we don't seem to be able to get any bookings. In the mornings they say see us this afternoon, in the afternoons they say maybe we'll have a house tomorrow. Meanwhile salaries go on just the same and everybody worried sick thinking maybe we won't open at all. I thought the show business was all laughter and applause and big royalty checks and silk hats and swilling tea and giving talks to schools of journalism on how I became a playwright. In your hat. It's a headache. It's a pain anywhere you sit. And then imagine falling in love on top of it. That's the pay-off.

JIMMY

THE BELVEDERE

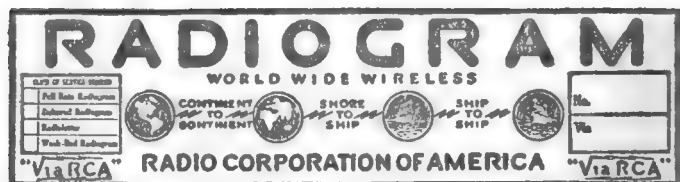
PHILADELPHIA

October 9th.

DICKIE DEAR:

Heads up. You should fret about Jimmy with Jack at your feet. I'm here for only a day or so more and then home, but I have to sail right away on a buying spree for the firm. Just staying here long enough to check up with the local branch and then back to Paris. Wish you were going with me. That's terrible about Alvarez, but maybe he'll wiggle out of it some way. Tango dancers have slippery hips.

Love,
NITA



OCTOBER 10TH

K12 5B 766

SANAGUAY COSTARAGUA

MANAGING EDITOR

EVENING TAB NY

YOUR QUERY RECEIVED STOP GENERAL
DRILLO REORGANIZING ROMANO FORCES
AND LEADING COUNTER REVOLUTION STOP
RELIABLY INFORMED ALVAREZ ROMANO SON
EXPRESIDENTE TO BE EXECUTED WITH

FIFTY FOLLOWERS INSIDE TWENTY FOUR
HOURS STOP HOW MANY WORDS

PERKINS



OCTOBER 10TH

K12 5B 766

NEW YORK CITY NY

ARTHUR PERKINS

CARE AMERICAN CONSUL

SANAGUAY COSTARAGUA

FILE FLASH ONLY ALVAREZ EXECUTION
NY EVE TAB

(The Flash)



OCTOBER 10TH

16 GS 291

SANAGUAY COSTARAGUA

MANAGING EDITOR

NY EVENING TAB

ALVAREZ ESCAPED

PERKINS

*Out of Which Blossomed the Story***REBELS SLAUGHTERED
IN CORRAL OF DEATH**

By Arthur Perkins

(Special Correspondent of the New York Evening Tab)

Sanaguay, Costaragua. Oct. 11.—(Special): Fifty-four rebels were executed today. They were not led out at dawn and granted the last dignity of bandaged eyes and a firing squad. They were shot down one by one in a frenzy of fear and hope trying to scale the low wall of the corral in which they were herded for they were promised liberty if they could escape. This morning they were alive, bold and swaggering, tonight they are a heap of dead men, a fantastic pile in the moonlight looking for all the world like a lot of old clothes.

How was it done? Come with me. Look! There are two corrals. One holds the prisoners. From this a gate leads into the second corral in the center of which stands Herrera with a revolver in each hand. Beside him, kneeling on a blanket, his orderly with the supply of cartridges arranged in neat rows. Herrera has killed many men. He loves to kill and, because he is a valuable officer and it is good policy to keep him happy, unnecessary rebels who have been caught are given to him to do with as he likes. He is an artist. It is a point of pride with him never to repeat his formula. So each time he kills a batch of prisoners he

does it differently. Today he is in a devilish mood. He will tease them with the hope of escaping. He will hold out life to them and then as they reach for it trustingly—he will blast them with death.

Soldiers with drawn guns herd the prisoners away from the gate, separate the first ten from the shrieking, cursing mob and drive them through the little gate into the corral where Herrera awaits them. As they rush for the walls Herrera fires. As fast as he can pull the trigger he pours bullets into them. As soon as one revolver is empty he drops it and his orderly fills its hot chambers with the cool bullets arranged in neat rows on the blanket. Some of the prisoners skip and duck, others crawl on the ground, others try to rush Herrera. Coolly, sardonically he shoots them all. Ten more prisoners dash through the little gate hoping to win freedom. They, too, Herrera shoots in quick succession and their bodies lay in quivering heaps from which arms reach fantastically and stiff fingers claw the walls even in death. Ten more prisoners push through the gate, stumbling, cursing, each trying to hide behind his neighbor. Herrera shouts sarcastic encouragement to them. One

dashes for the wall and Herrera allows him to throw one leg over before he drops him with a bullet in the back. Some kneel and pray only to crash face downward with their open mouths in the dust. Ten more prisoners. Twelve more bullets. The revolvers are smoking hot. The orderly's fingers tremble as he fills them. The dusk is sifting down. There are fifteen men left to run the gauntlet. The troops force them through the little gate. Herrera's practiced eye counts them. Fifteen men, two revolvers, twelve bullets, three men too many. Calmly he sets to work picking off the leaders. A group of three rush him and he drops them in quick succession, the last a huge fellow so close the powder burns his face. The orderly passes Herrera a full revolver. He loses precious time fumbling with the empty one now too hot to hold. The dusk deepens. Herrera empties the second revolver. There are five men left. Two are trying to hide. Three are climbing the wall. The full revolver is not ready—there is a slight delay. The three men are half over.

Herrera grabs the revolver from his orderly and fires blindly. Two men fall from the wall, one silently, one screaming horribly. The third is over. Herrera dispatches the two who prayed they were hid. Pumps one bullet into each with smiling precision. And then standing on the heap of dead bodies looks over the wall and watches the escaped one running low against the ground like a terrified rabbit. He covers him with his last bullet and then with a loud laugh fires, but in the air.

The escaped one seems to ooze into the ground he is going so fast. Herrera's soldiers start in pursuit but Herrera stops them. He adjusts his serape, lights a cigarette and surveys his work. He is satisfied. What if one little one escapes?

Herrera did not know who the "little one" was, but he knows now and already his soldiers are hot on the trail for the "little one" who cheated the corral of death was one of the leaders of the revolution, the son of ex-presidente Fillipo Romano—the "little one," the lucky one, was Alvarez Romano.

"GET YOUR GIRL" FOLDING UP?

From Variety

The Main Stem hears under cover that "Get Your Girl" may fold up soon for lack of suitable house. This was a Kibbitzer and Eppus baby at first but after a poor showing in Atlantic City they picked up their doll rags, and went home

leaving the author Jimmy Doyle to hold the bag with the new angel who they do be saying is the daughter of a local tabloid publisher. The show has been rehearsing in town waiting for a house and rumors of discord have been unusually brisk. The

chief trouble seems to be the lady angel who wants to direct the show as well as bank roll it, with the result that her appearance in the theatre does not cause the cast to break out in a rash of cheers and confetti. The principal head on collisions have been between the little lady and the star of the piece—Dixie Dugan who made one of those sudden and miraculous hits first as one of those night club How-dowdy-dee-ows and then in a vod tab and now in "Get Your Girl's" brief At-

lantic City's stand. Dixie has all but walked out several times. Weep for the poor author-manager who may be a good newspaper man but in this Times Square racket has damp ears and a soft fontanelle. He must not only entirely revamp his piece and conduct rehearsals himself but please his lady angel and pacify his star. Well, as the young father of triplets said when he fell down the elevator shaft and was fired for carelessness, "God is love, there ain't no pain."

October 13th.

MR. DENNIS KERRIGAN

GLEASON & Co.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR MR. KERRIGAN:

I thought it was just too sweet of you to stop over in Chicago and see me though I know Dixie must have suggested it—she's a darling and I do hope she makes a big hit in her new show altho carrying a whole show by herself must be pretty hard for her since she's had hardly any experience compared to me but then some girls get all the breaks.

I know I can say things like this to you because you are so sympathetic and understanding not like most men who don't understand girls at all and think that all they want is to be held and told how cute they are or sweet or something which is all right I suppose but that isn't everything. A girl like I just craves to be understood and you are in such a

beautiful inspiring business selling lovely poetry which carries wishes and good cheer far and wide to one and all. This is very lovely and inspiring and I don't see how anyone who can be in such a noble business could be interested in just a little hooper like I but you said you was so I must believe you because you couldn't associate all day with such beautiful sentiments and not be sincere and truthful too and besides anyway I want to believe you but then maybe I shouldn't ought to have said such a thing you'll think I'm just terrible but I'm not.

I was invited out on a party tonight after the show but I came right up to my room so I could write to you because I thought of a cute little poem which I thought maybe you could use. If you can't just throw it away because maybe it isn't any good anyway, however here it is.

Every day I think of you

Every night I dream of you

And that is all that I can do

Just think and think the whole day through

Of poor little me and great big you.

SUNSHINE.

KLAW THEA., 45th St., West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

OPENING MONDAY NIGHT

JAMES J. DOYLE Presents

GET YOUR GIRL

HIS NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
WITH

DIXIE DUGAN

AND HER

GANG OF COMEDIANS, SINGERS,
DANCERS, AND

THE ORIGINAL
JOLLITY JAZZ MANIACS

October 15th.

MISS NITA DUGAN

THE BELVEDERE

PHILADELPHIA.

NITA DARLING:

You can't sail Saturday. The show opens Monday night. At the last minute Jimmy got a house, the Klaw—it isn't very big but it's just right for an intimate musical which is what this has finally been worried down to. You've got to be there for the opening. I can't go through with it if you're not out front. Don't sail Saturday and leave me. I'm frantic. Everybody is crazy. The new costumes aren't ready. We're still rehearsing a lot of new business and can't possibly get it in shape for opening Monday night. I know I'm going to be a terrible flop. Jimmy

is driving me mad. Barking at me all the time, snapping at this and that. I know he is half nuts with worry over the show and working all day and all night, but so am I. Put off sailing until after the opening and come and help me. I can't eat or sleep and when I do try to get a little rest at home, the family is on my neck. "Why don't you marry Jack, why don't you marry Jack—look at all the money he's got. You owe it to us—you owe it to yourself!" I wish they'd let me alone. Maybe they're right. I don't know. Did I tell you Jack wants to marry me, wants me to ditch the show and get married and go to Europe on a honeymoon? If the family ever heard that and thought I even hesitated, I'd have to sleep out in the garage. What am I going to do about Jimmy? One time I see him he acts as though he likes me and then if I make one false step on the stage he yells at me like a traffic cop. He's driving me crazy. If he'd only put his arms round me once and say "I love you," but he doesn't. Sometimes I think I'll take Jack up, marry him and go to Europe and stay there until I can forget the whole damn mess—the show and Jimmy and Cora and all the rest of it. I found out Cora is hanging around Jimmy because she's the one that put up the money for the show. She's nuts about him. I can tell by the way she looks at him and paws him every chance she gets. And he's with her most of the time—talking about the show he says. Damn the show and Jimmy and her and everybody and everything except you darling. Don't sail Saturday, sis.

Please come home and stay with me till after the opening. I've got to open. I've got to make good, if for nothing else but to make a tramp out of that Cora dame who's been trying her best to get Jimmy to throw me out and get a big name star in my place. I've got to make good. You can't leave me. I've got nobody but you. Sis darling, wire and say you're not sailing Saturday. You can't leave me—I'll go mad.

DIXIE.



OCTOBER 16TH

DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATRE

NEW YORK

DARLING CANT POSTPONE SAILING STOP
MUST BE IN PARIS FOR FIRST SHOWING OF
SPRING STYLE COLLECTIONS OR WAFFLE-
HEIMERS WILL GIVE ME GATE STOP WILL SEE
YOU SATURDAY MORNING FOR NICE LONG
TALK BEFORE SAILING NOON STOP DONT
WORRY YOURE GOING TO BE A BIG HIT AND
THE PRINCE OF YOUR HEART WILL CARRY YOU
AWAY IN HIS WHITE ROLLS ROYCE AND YOULL
BE HAPPY EVER AFTER NITA

October 16th.

MISS SUNSHINE PURCELL
% GEO. WHITE'S SCANDALS
ILLINOIS THEATRE, CHICAGO

DEAR SUNSHINE:

*I got your pretty poem
And simply wish to state
The way you wrote the little thing
Was absolutely great.*

*You took me by complete surprise
It was so witty and so wise.
And yet so tender and so sweet
It would be mighty hard to beat.*

How's that? Poetry while you wait. Of course you inspired it, but then I'm naturally gifted that way anyway. I often tell the creative department here—that's where all the ideas come from—ideas, heh! heh!—My God, I sneeze better ideas. I tell them let me get up some of your ideas and you'll have something that will go over the counter instead of under, but they know everything. Some of these days I'm going to fight it out with them in bare feet on a cake of ice. You've only seen me in my milder moods. But you wouldn't know me, Sunshine, when I get all wrought up. Of course, you're young yet and don't understand men much, especially men that think a lot and are complicated like me. But you certainly are an unusual girl just the same when you can write such a beautiful poem so easy-like. Why, even I would have to work on a thing like that.

Now as to coming down to Detroit, why it was funny, I was thinking of doing that very thing. Isn't that a coincidence? You see, we have some big accounts there. So don't be surprised if I show up. Of course I won't be able to see much of you as these are very big accounts and I will have to work hard on them, especially Ye Quainte Olde Tyme Nooke Gift Shoppe. They got a lady buyer there, a Miss Krunch and she has lots of sales resistance so every once in a while one of us good-looking salesmen must stop over and take her out and get her all warm and confused. The technical name for that is "contacting." You must have heard of "contact-men" in advertising and merchandising? Well that's me!

*Soon I will be in Detroit
And I have got a hunch
I'll see my little Sunshine, too,
As well as Lady Krunch.*

DENNY.

OPENINGS TONIGHT

THE CALL OF THE TAME—comedy at the BELMONT
SENTIMENTAL SUSIE—musical comedy at the MAJESTIC
DAMN YOUR EYES—drama at the BIJOU
HEIGH-HO—intimate revue at the CENTURY ROOF
GET YOUR GIRL—musical comedy at the KLAU

POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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OCTOBER 20TH

DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.
 HOPE MARILYN MILLER WILL CHOKE OVER
 HER COFFEE TOMORROW MORNING WHEN SHE
 READS HOW YOU KNOCKED THEM FOR A ROW OF
 FILLING STATIONS LOVE AND KISSES
 SUNSHINE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES	
<div> <div>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</div> <div> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Fast Telegram <input type="checkbox"/> Day Letter <input type="checkbox"/> Night Telegram <input type="checkbox"/> Short Letter </div> </div> <div> <div>TELEGRAM</div> <div> <div>RECEIVED HOURS</div> <div> <div>DATE</div> <div>TIME PAID</div> </div> </div> </div>	

OCTOBER 20TH

DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.
 WISHING YOU THE OVERFLOW FROM ABIES
 IRISH ROSE

EVENING TAB

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED		RECEIVED HOURS	
DAY TELEGRAM		Hour	Minute
NIGHT LETTER		Hour	Minute
NIGHT TELEGRAM		Hour	Minute
NIGHT LETTER		Hour	Minute

TELEGRAM

THE MESSAGE MUST BE SENT BY 11 O'CLOCK ON DATE OF SERVICE DESIRED. INFORMATION FOR TELEGRAMS WILL BE FURNISHED IN A 100 MESSAGE.

STANDARD TIME

OCTOBER 20TH

DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.
 I WILL BE OUT IN FRONT BUT MY HEART WILL
 BE BACK STAGE WITH YOU

JACK

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED		RECEIVED HOURS	
DAY TELEGRAM		Hour	Minute
NIGHT LETTER		Hour	Minute
NIGHT TELEGRAM		Hour	Minute
NIGHT LETTER		Hour	Minute

TELEGRAM

THE MESSAGE MUST BE SENT BY 11 O'CLOCK ON DATE OF SERVICE DESIRED. INFORMATION FOR TELEGRAMS WILL BE FURNISHED IN A 100 MESSAGE.

STANDARD TIME

OCTOBER 20TH

DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.
 I WOULD LIKE TO CROWN YOU DASH WITH
 SUCCESS PERIOD

DENNY



OCTOBER 20TH

DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.

THE BEST OF GOOD LUCK TO THE NICEST KID
EVER HANDICAPPED BY THE BUMMEST FIRST
PLAY OF THE GOOFIEST YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT
JIMMY



OCTOBER 20TH

S/S LEVIATHAN
RADIOGRAM
DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.,

SLAY EM BABY

NITA



OCTOBER 20TH

JIMMY DOYLE

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.

CAME THE DAWN AND SWEETLY UPON THE FEV-
ERED BROW OF THE YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT FAME
PRESSED A LINGERING KISS

KIRK



OCTOBER 20TH

JIMMY DOYLE

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.

CAN WE HAVE OPTION ON YOUR NEXT FIVE
PLAYS

SHUBERTS
ZIEGFELD
DILLINGHAM
THEATRE GUILD AND
THE BOYS WHO USED TO
WORK WITH YOU ON THE
EVENING TAB



OCTOBER 20TH

JIMMY DOYLE

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.,

HORSESHOES

CORA



OCTOBER 20TH

JIMMY DOYLE

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.,

IF YOU GET ALL THE GOOD LUCK I AM WISH-
ING YOU TONIGHT YOU'LL BE WALKING UP
AND DOWN BROADWAY TOMORROW WITH A TIN
CUP BEGGING FOR A LITTLE MISFORTUNE

DIXIE



JIMMY DOYLE

OCTOBER 20TH

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.,

SUCCESS OSER

KIBBITZER & EPPUS

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID

"Get Your Girl" is a polychromatic pot-pourri which titillates the neuronio filaments, tickles the tympani and threads a rowdy rigadon through the calloused convolutions of this weary old cerebrum. . . . Hammond—Herald Tribune.

This old meany played hookey last night from his perpetual pilgrimage to the grotto of Mrs. Fiske and found himself, much to his aged surprise, in the Klaw Theatre where a Night Club Madcap named Dixie Dugan danced into the whitelight of stardom. . . . Woolcott—New York World.

When I was in dear old London last year, I was asked what is the matter with the American Theatre. Twenty-five years ago, come Saint Swithins, I would have said—plague take it—what would I have said? Certainly nothing that has anything to do with "Get Your Girl" which I saw last night from my customary aisle seat.

I look in my program and see the name of Dixie Dugan. Surely I will not have to consult this program again for I would know this captivating little miss if I were to meet her in Hyde Park on a foggy November day. Such esprit, such verve, such elan—speaking of London on a foggy day, etc. etc. . . . Dale—N. Y. American.

"Get Your Girl" is a mean whoop-dee-do that will keep the Klaw seats warm long after your Christmas jewelry has turned green. And Dixie Dugan is the hottest little wench that ever shook a scanty at a tired business man. Tickets on sale eight weeks in advance, and if you fall for that whoopie about getting them at the box office, you are going to be seeing Roxy ushers all winter—God forbid! . . . Winchell—Evening Graphic.

"Get Your Girl"—A Wow! . . . a sock in the nose! . . . a kick in the pants! . . . Variety.



OCTOBER 21ST

RADIOGRAM
NITA DUGAN

S/S LEVIATHAN
WE WENT OVER OPEN A BOTTLE FOR ME
DIXIE



OCTOBER 21ST

RADIOGRAM
DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.
I KNEW YOU'D DO IT DARLING WILL YOU
HAVE HEIDSICK OR THE WIDOW CLICQUOT
NITA

Hotel Manana,
Havana, Cuba.

QUERIDA MIA:

I write you this few words because soon I will be too busy in my own country where I return to head the new big revolution which I plan now night and day. They capture and try to kill me but I am

too brave and know too much and I get away but not before I kill ten twenty thirty—how many I do not know, but it is frightful and then I come here where my father is already and together we plan a new revolution which will be bigger and better and which when I have finish killing all those dogs, cutting their throats from ears to ears and back again I will come and get you and we will be happy in my beautiful country, because then I will be the presidente and you will belong to me, flor del cielo, all of you from the top of your sweet head to the bottom of your little feet which walk all night on my heart, cruel and beautiful one.

Cari nostamente tuyo amante apasionado,
ALVAREZ.



OCTOBER 22ND

RADIOGRAM
NITA DUGAN

S/S LEVIATHAN

HE LOVES ME WHOOPIE

DIXIE



OCTOBER 22ND

RADIOGRAM-S/S LEVIATHAN
DIXIE DUGAN

KLAW THEATRE N. Y.

WHO THIS TIME

NITA



OCTOBER 22ND

RADIOGRAM
NITA DUGAN

S/S LEVIATHAN

JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY THIS
TIME NOW AND FOREVER

DIXIE

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Unusual short stories where Miss Bailey shows her keen knowledge of character and environment, and how romance comes to different people.

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A man who wishes to serve his country, but is bound by a tie he cannot in honor break—that's Derry. A girl who loves him, shares his humiliation and helps him to win—that's Jean. Their love is the story.

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